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CEREBUS

one twelve
one thirteen

SQUARE ONE

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

Well now. Here's a familiar feeling.

Sitting down to write a Note from the President and just wishing the lines would fill up by themselves because I want to be writing the story instead. Last time, I was finishing all of the notes and letters pages so I could get to the actual finished scripting of "Walking on the Moon". This time I can't wait to write **Jaka's Story.**

Maybe I'll tell you a bit about it and that will fill a few lines right there.

Maybe I'll do short lines.

Like this.

But no.

That would be cheating.

For those of you running out of patience with me getting to the meat of the story-line or at least tying up the not-inconsiderable number of loose ends left dangling over the last ten years, we do have a bit of bad news. **Jaka's Story** will be as close to a self-contained novel as I'm going to get. There are very few characters in this one. You've met two of them before and the others don't play a key role in the over-all story-line later on. The scene is (again) lest. One of the many small communities which dot the side of the mountain that is Greater lest. Like the cul de sac of **Church and State** but even smaller. Two two-storey buildings face a pub/grocer's across the way. At the end of the short laneway between them is a small chapel partially demolished by a rock-slide (about a half dozen good-sized demon 'eads and skuwws) dislodged when the tower split off from the base in 102's "Sudden Return of the Melodramatic Narrator". It's about a half mile down the road from the pub depicted at the end of this issue. A fortnight or so has passed in Jaka's life since that final wave goodbye at the end of issue 75. It has been an eventful month but

I'm out of room.

it begins in 114.

See you then.

★★★★★

Ha ha.

It's been so long since I've done one of these I thought one page of hand-written notes constituted a Note from the President. The typesetting just came back and there's a whole lotta white going on.

Okay.

Well, I've had a chance to rough in the whole novel and write the first three or four pages of 114, so I'm not nearly as twitchy as when I wrote the above.

The first issue of **Jaka's Story** is either half prologue or all prologue. I haven't really made up my mind yet. We'll see how the writing goes next week before making a final decision. Scratch that. I just looked at the cover sketch again and it begs for a whole issue.

Jaka's Story is in itself a prologue for the **next** novel, much as **High Society** was largely a prologue to **Church and State.** It's also the shortest novel thus far, clocking in at a mere four hundred and sixty pages.

It's also the first novel that Gerhard has been here for the beginning of. Consequently, we're paying much stricter attention to the designing of the environment than before. What else? It ends in Cerebus 136 (July 1990). The first book "Pogrom's Progress" is six issues long (114 to 119), "The Poet" is eleven issues (120 to 130), Mystery Achievement is also six issues long (131 to 136). We're having a lot of fun so far.

See you at the Prologue.

CEREBUS

NO. 112 JULY 1988
NO. 113 AUGUST 1988

DAVE SIM
President

GERHARD
Backgrounds, cover-colour, and tones

KAREN McKIEL
Administrator

Circulation
29,000

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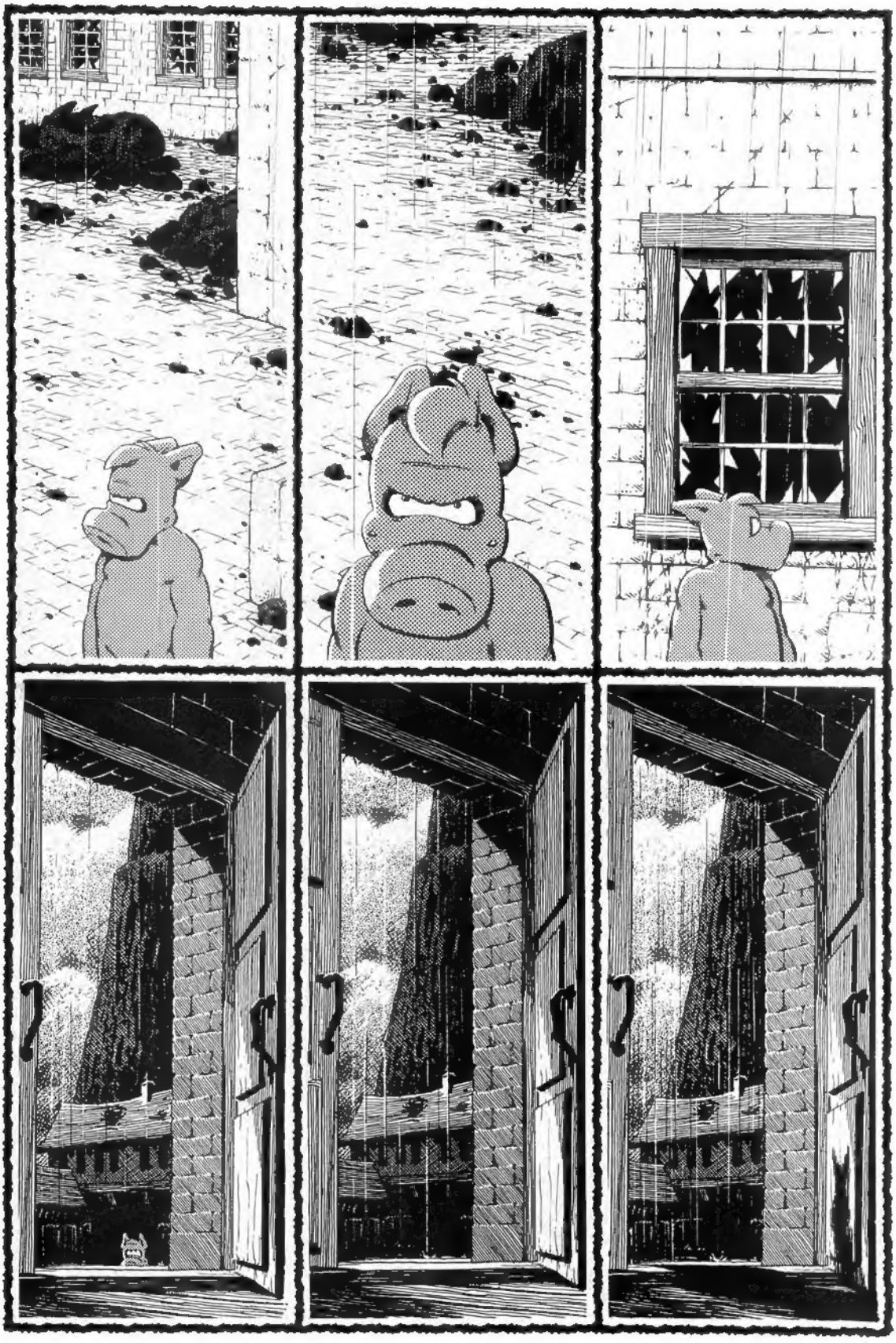
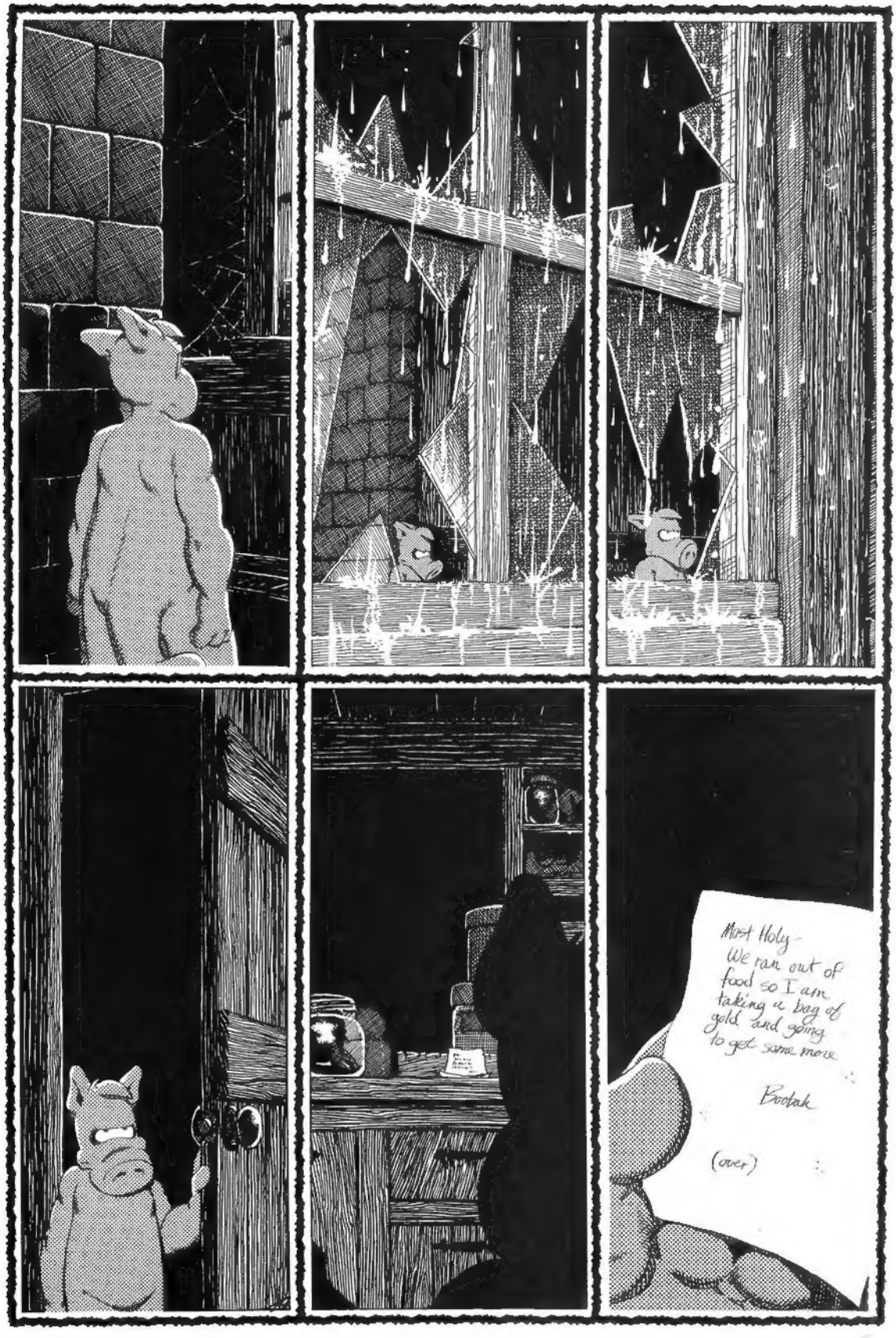
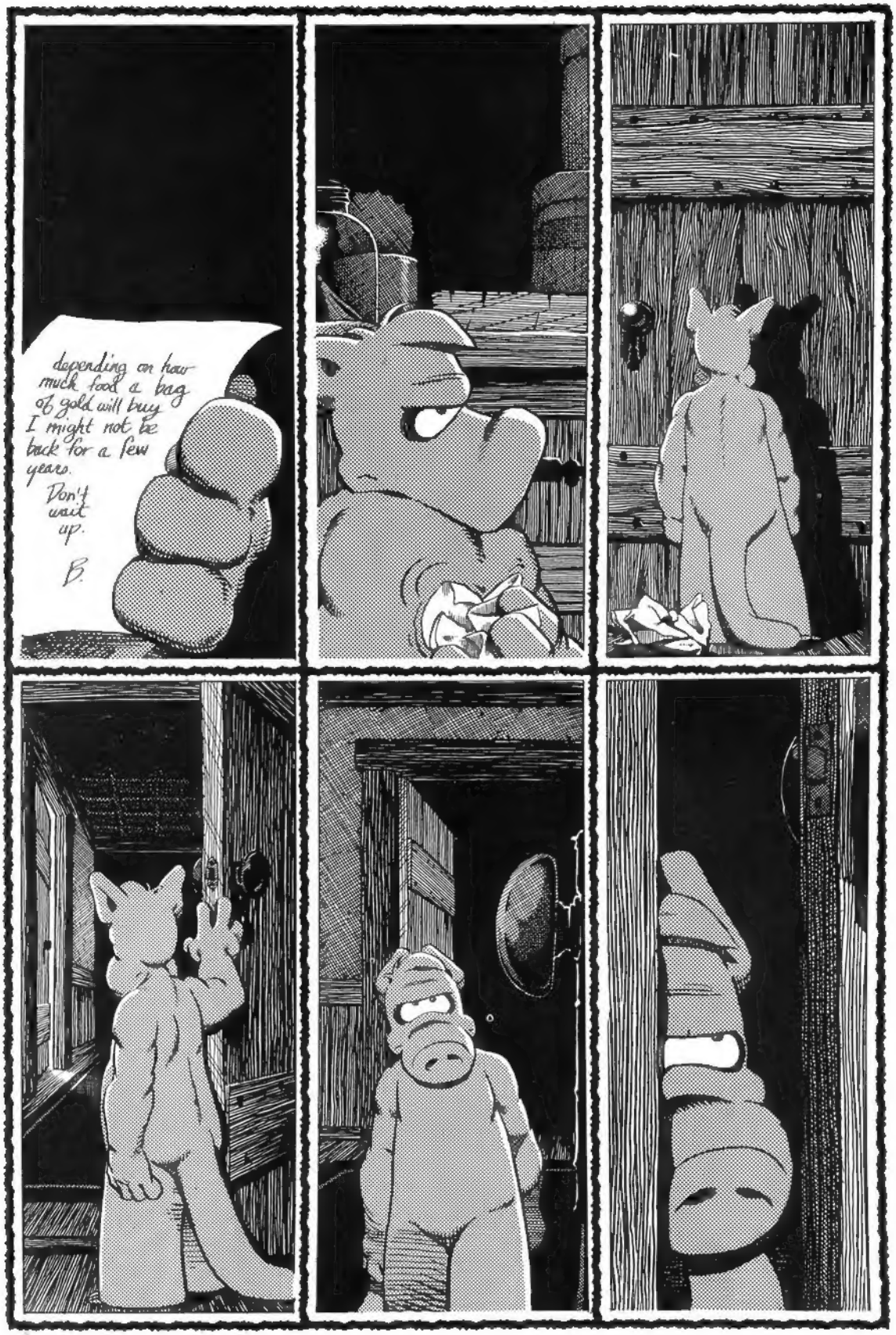
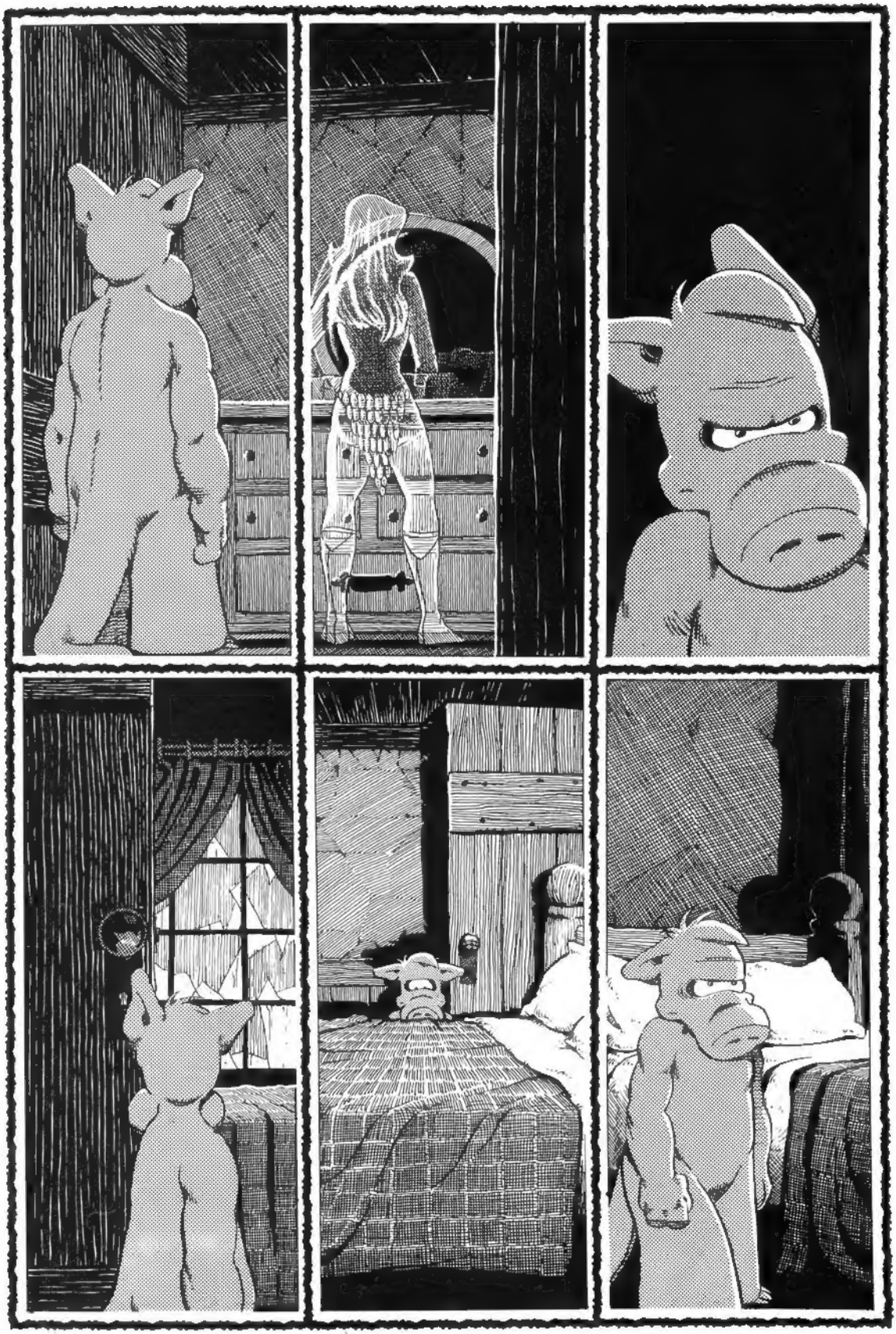
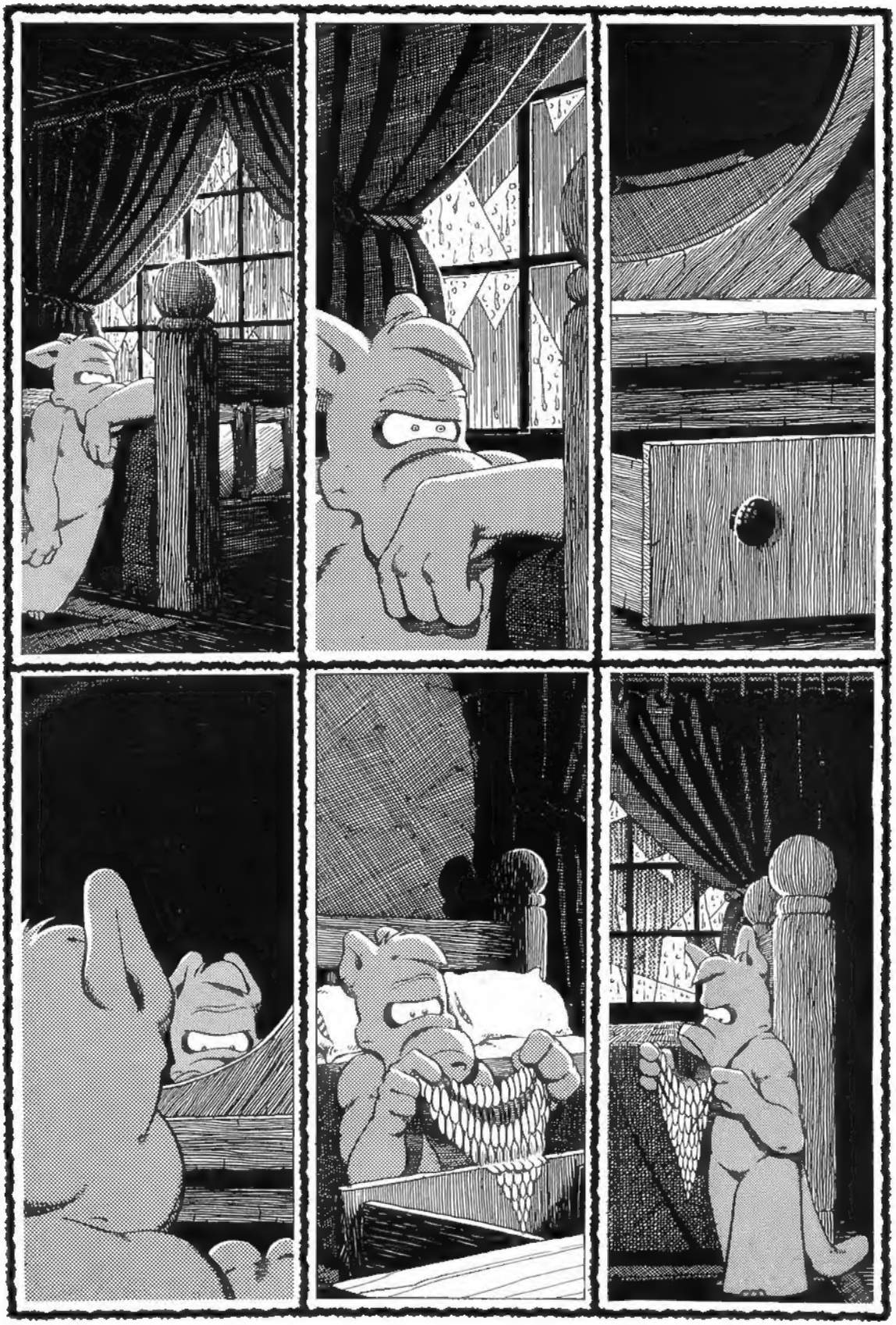


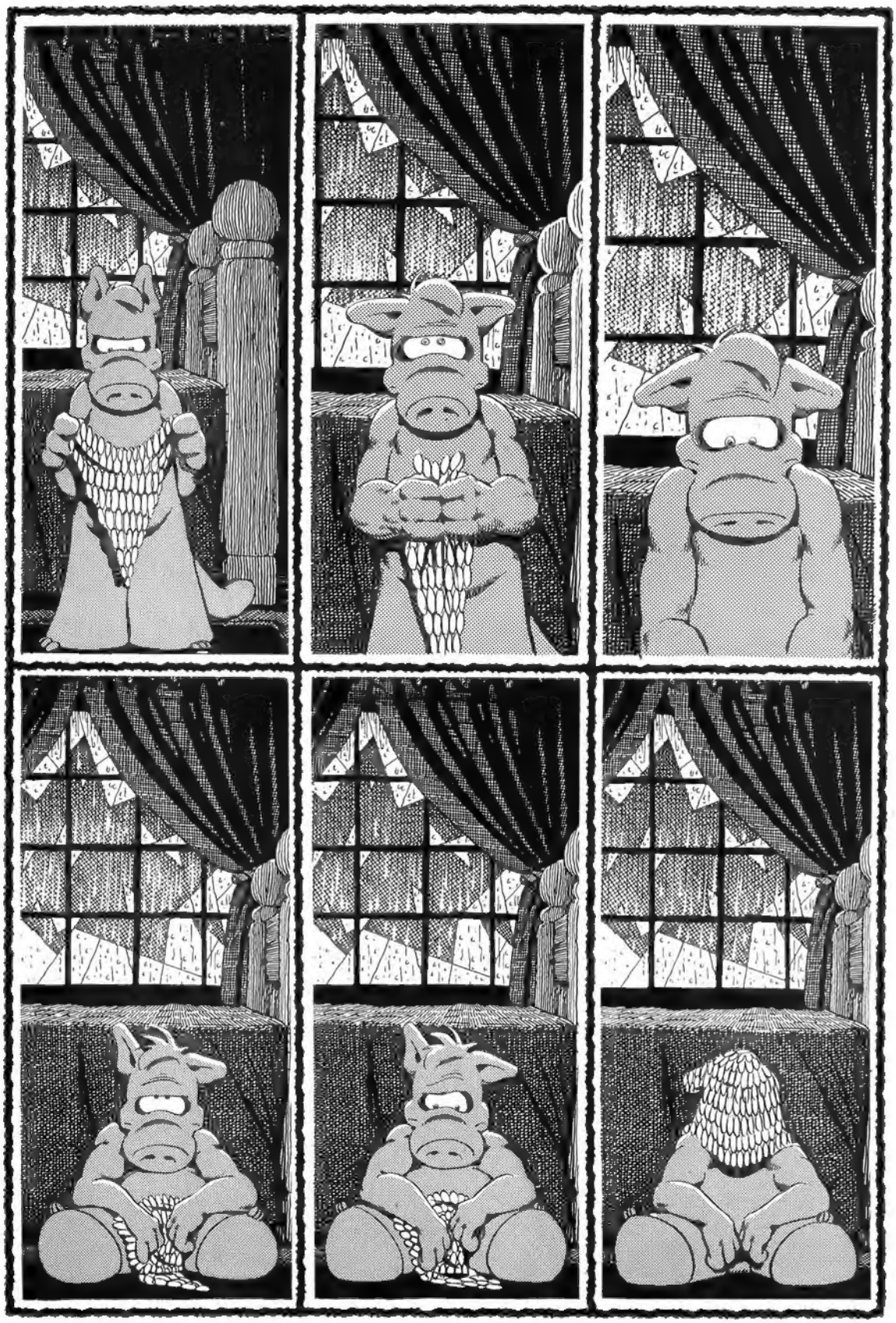
SQUARE ONE

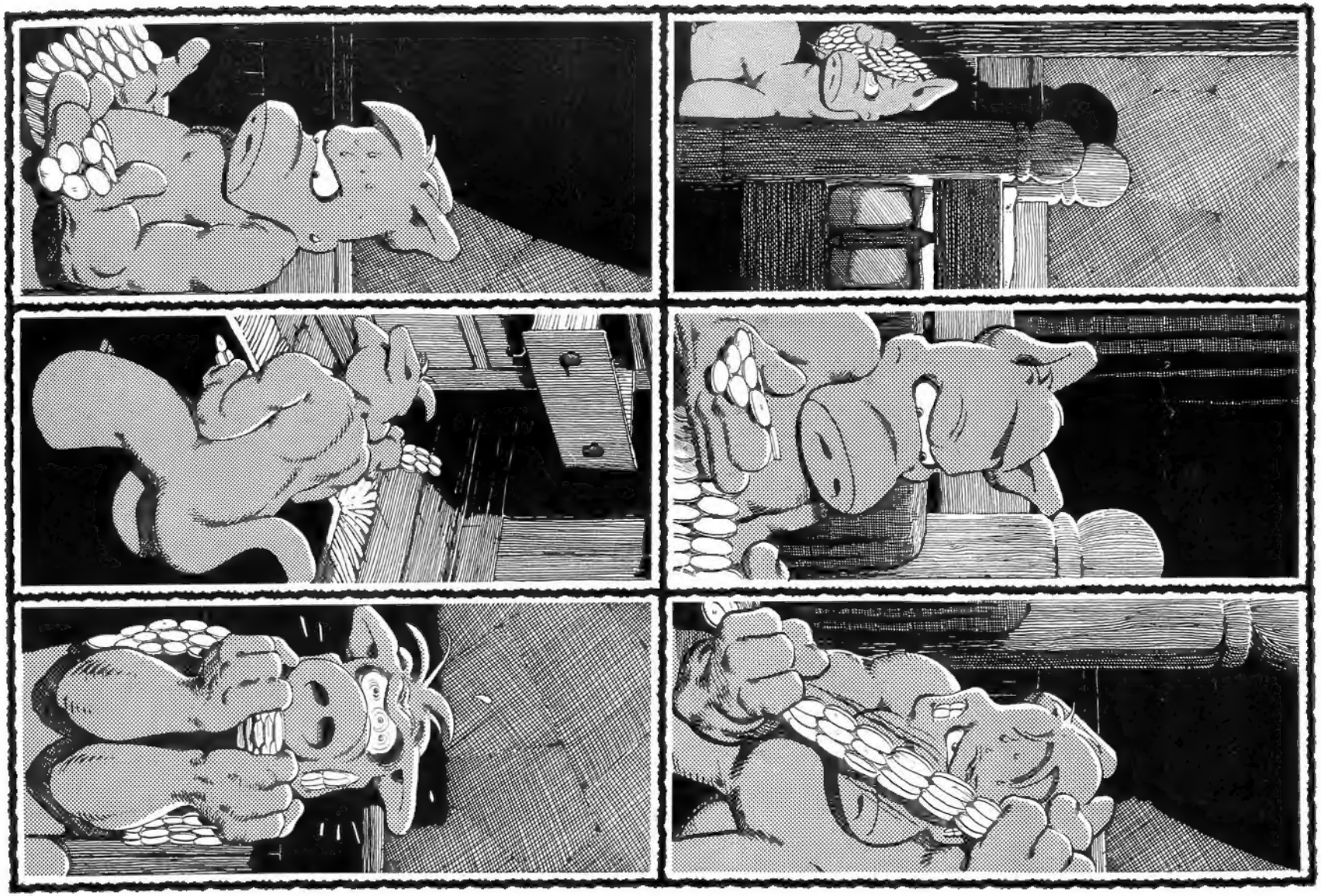

Most Holy -
We ran out of food so I am taking a bag of gold and going to get some more
Bootak
(over)

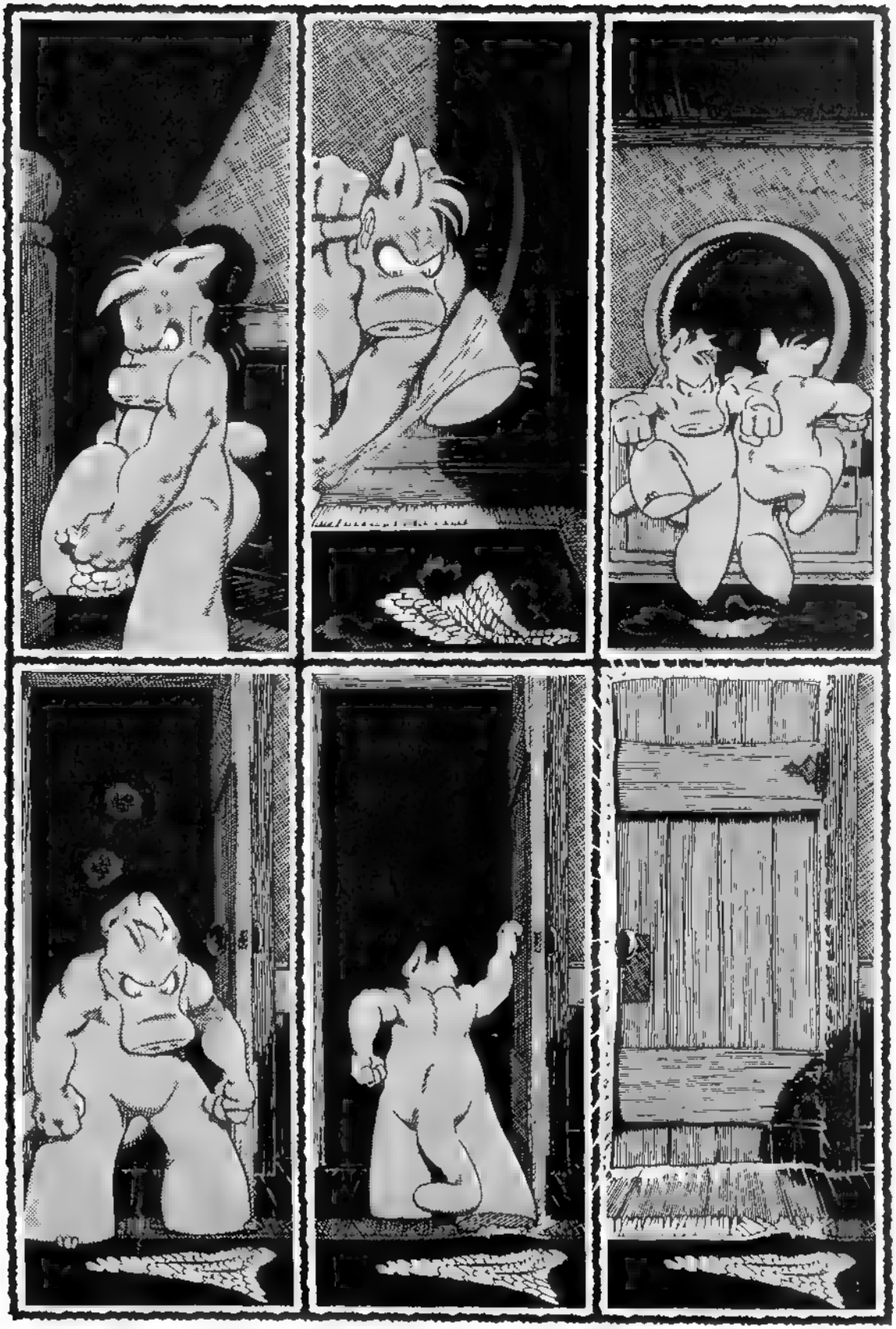

depending on how much food a bag of gold will buy I might not be back for a few years.
Don't wait up.
B.

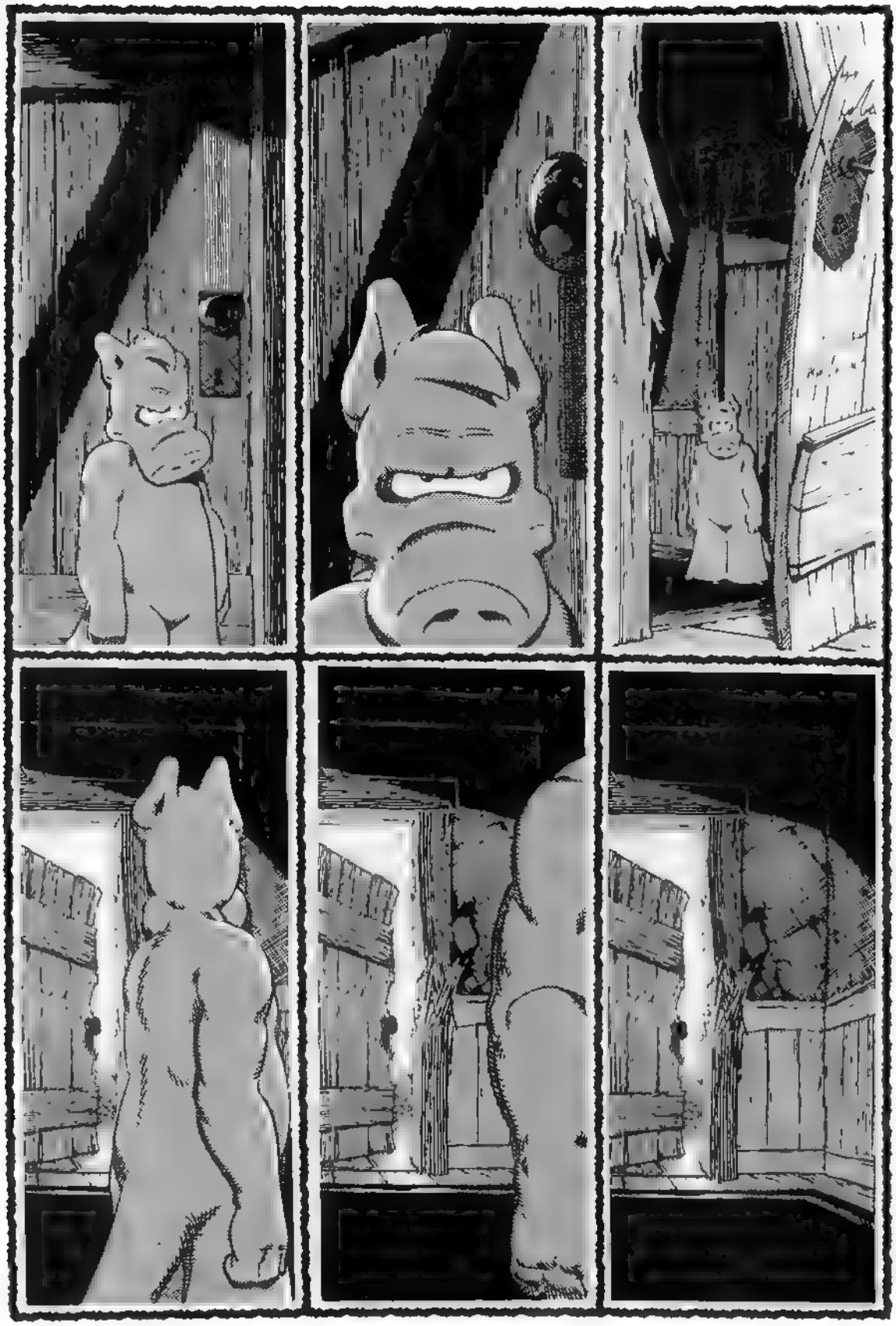


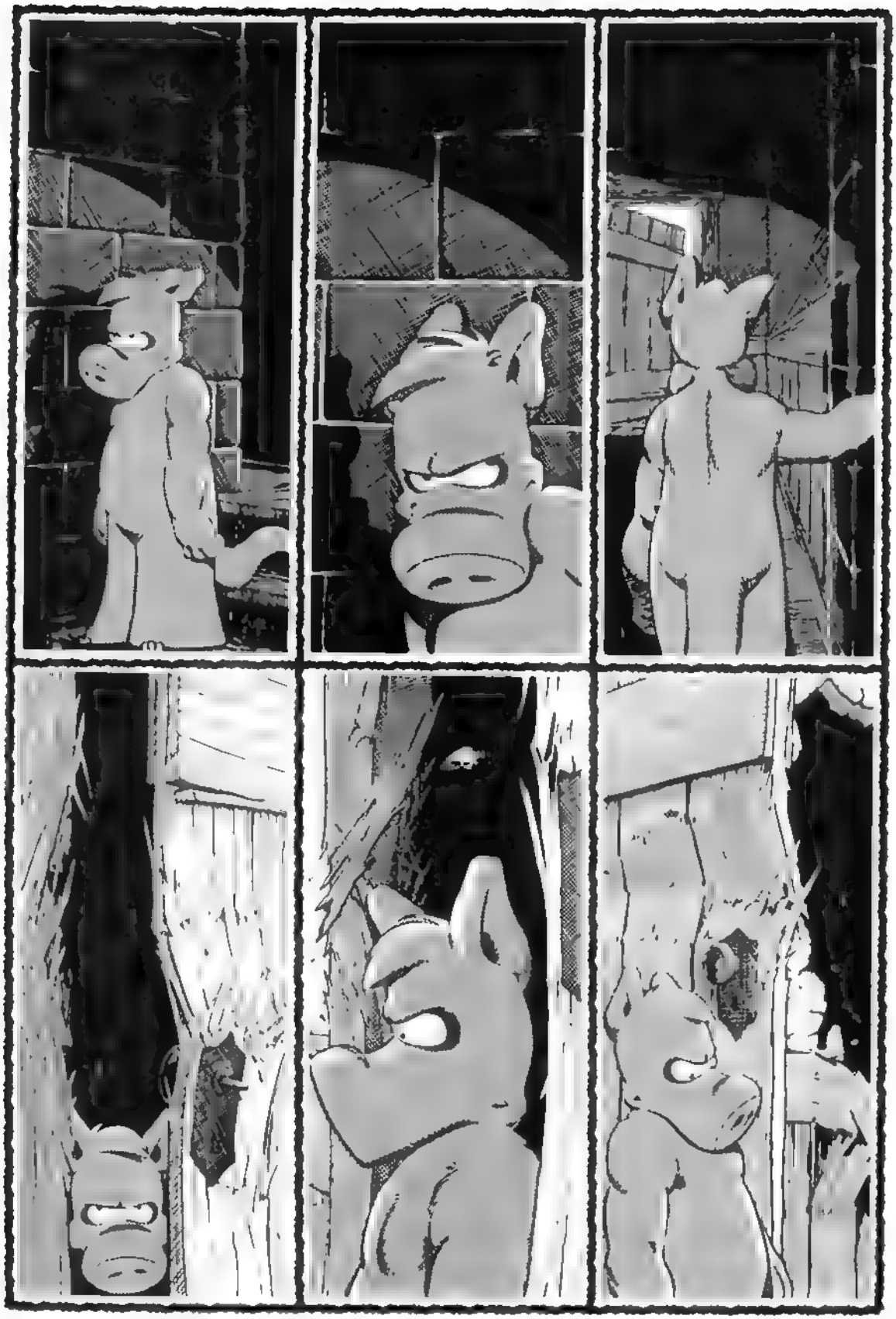


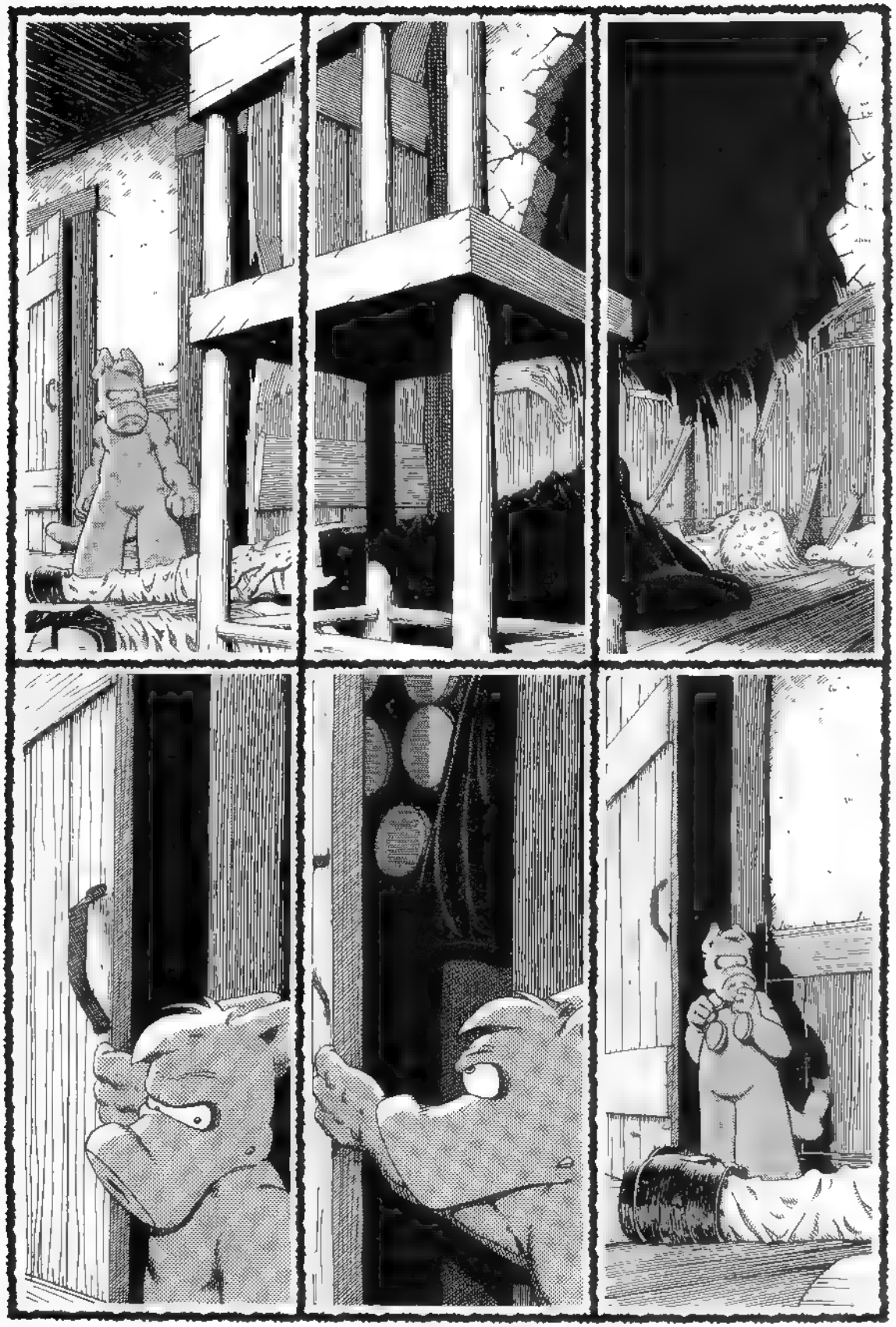


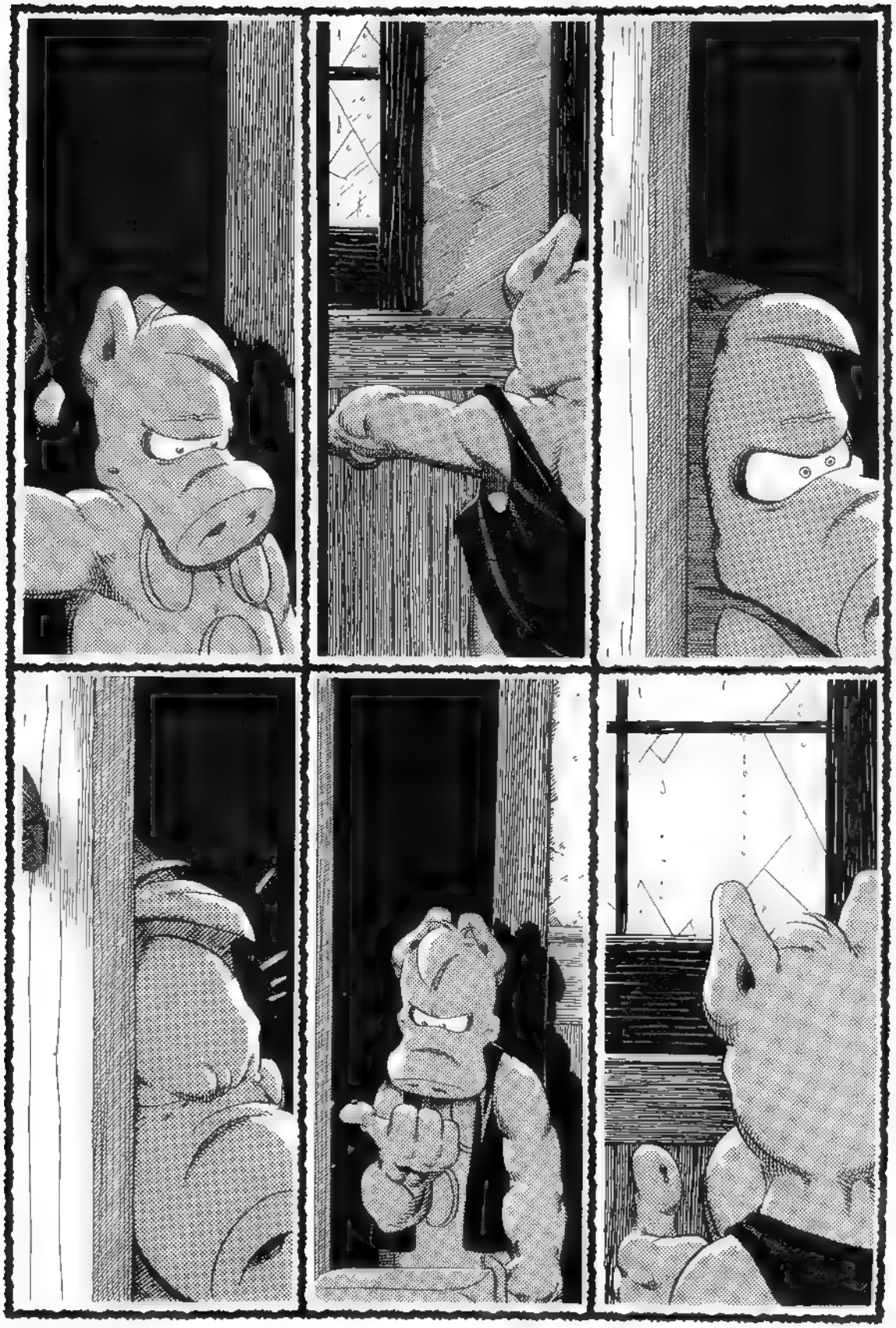


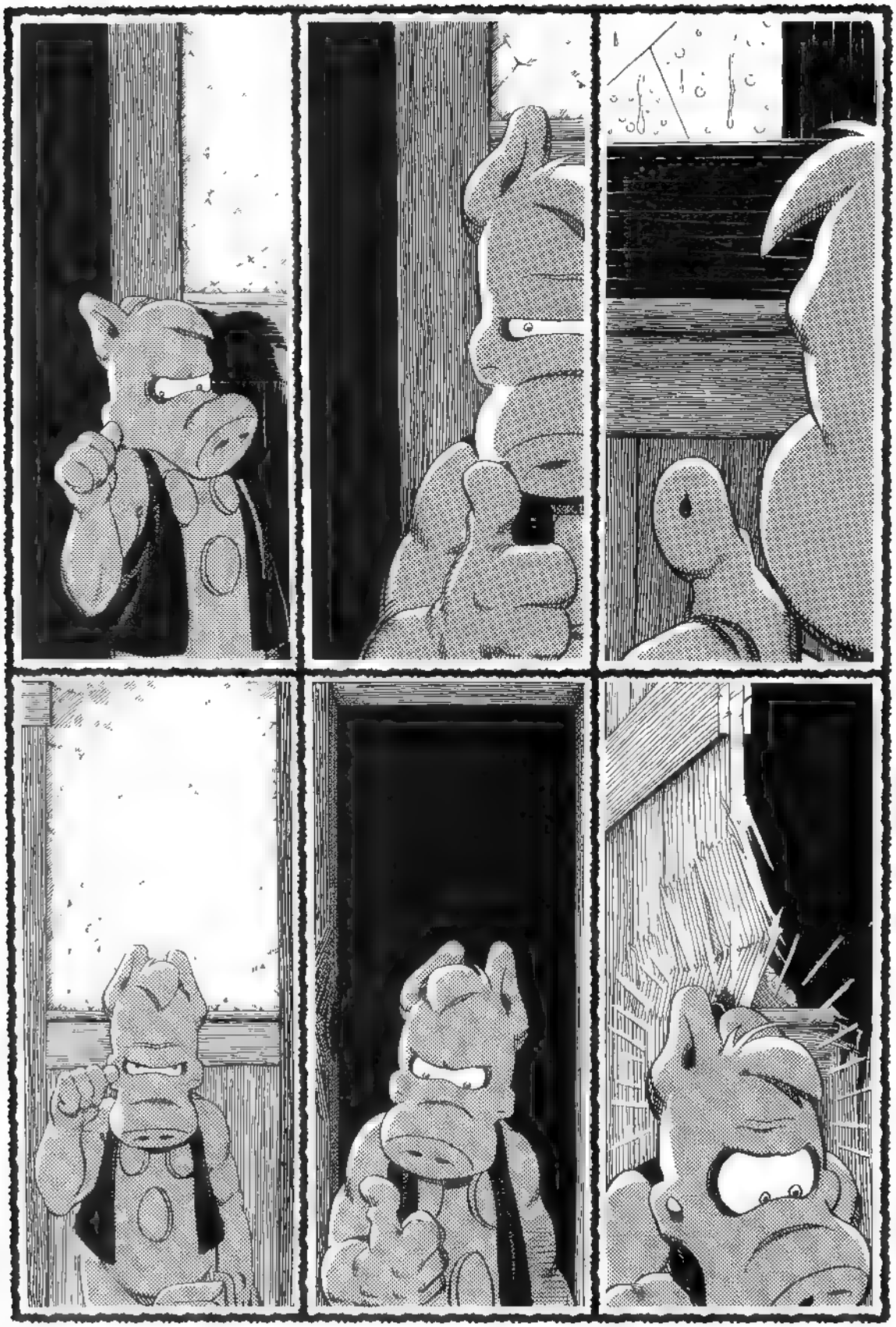


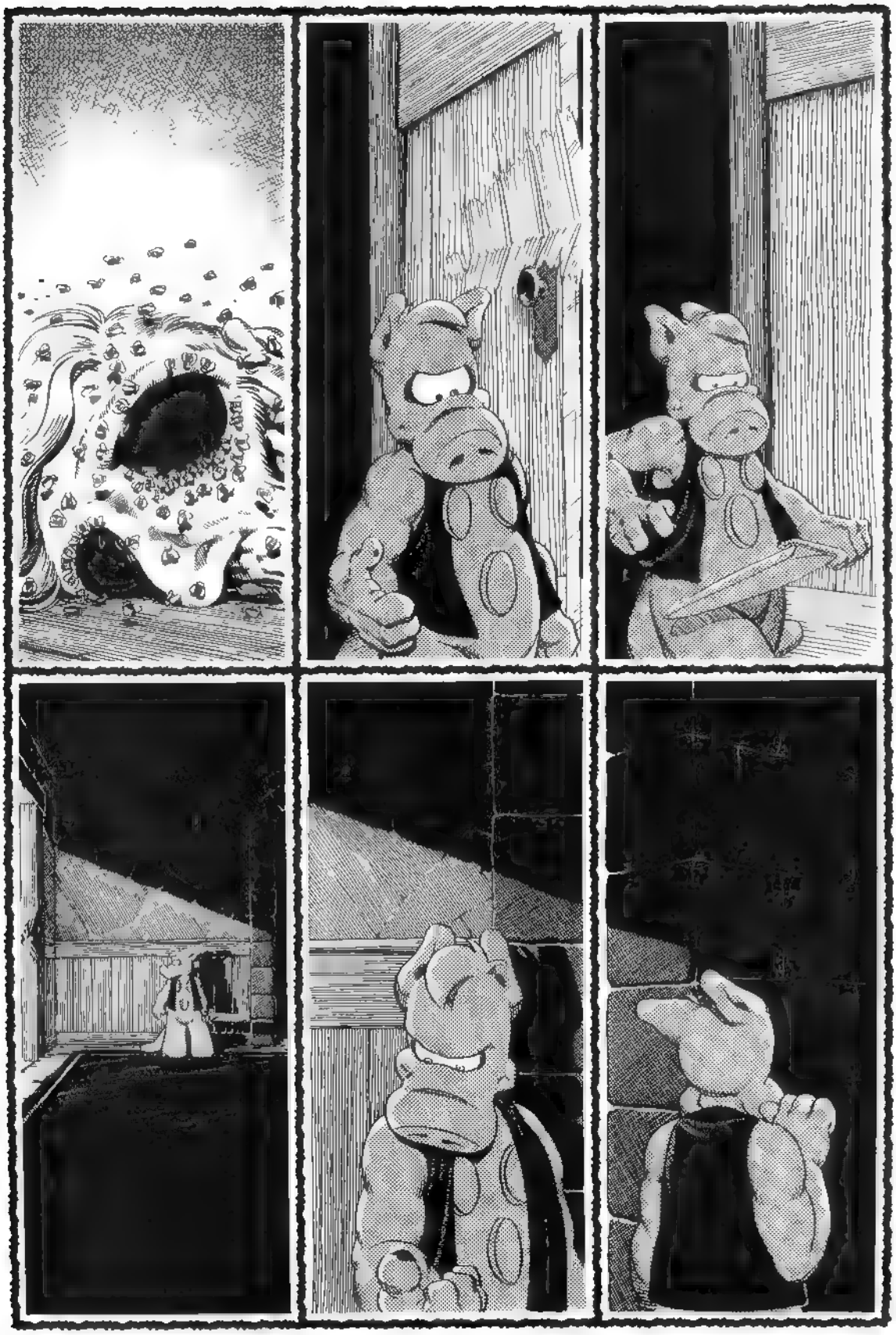


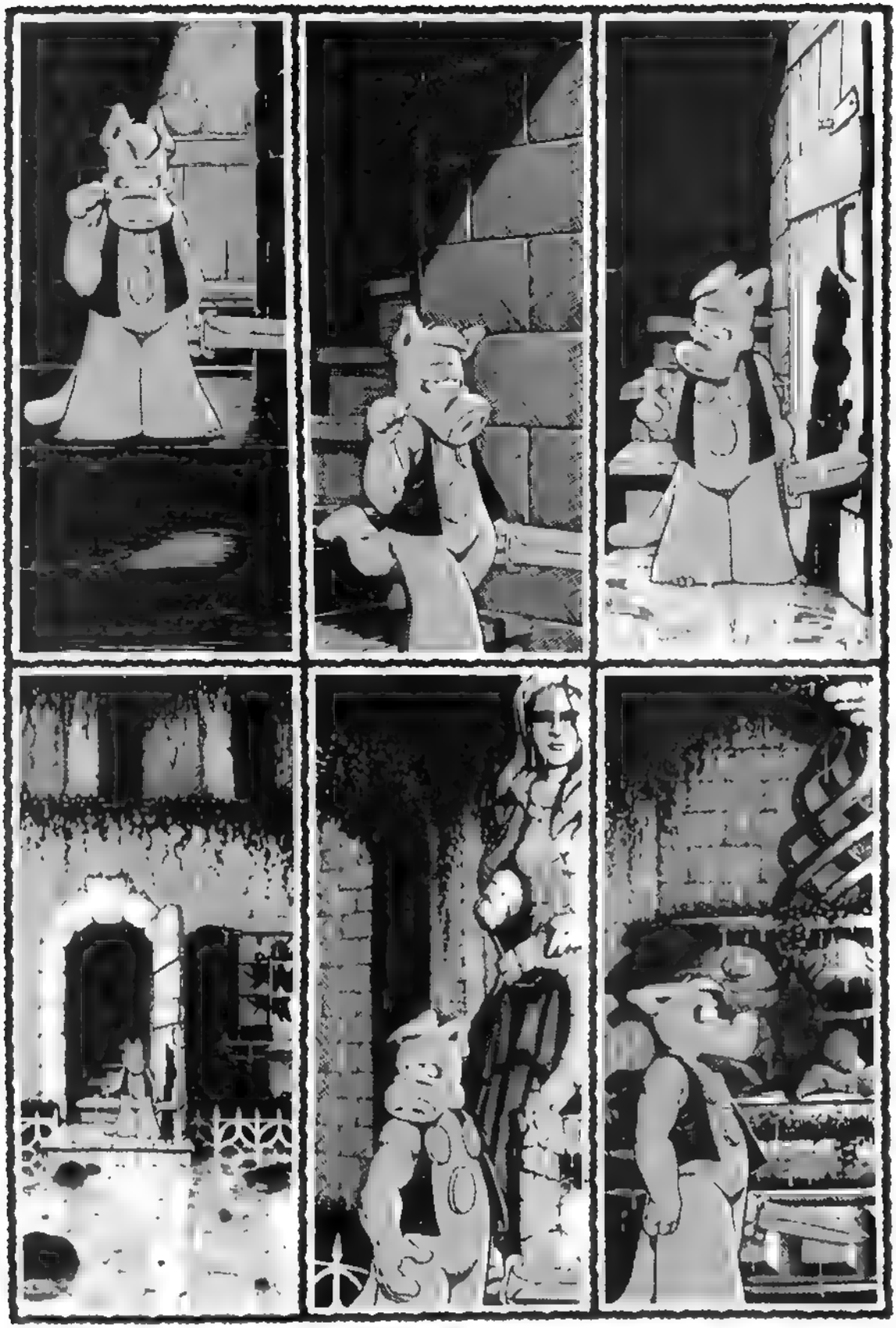


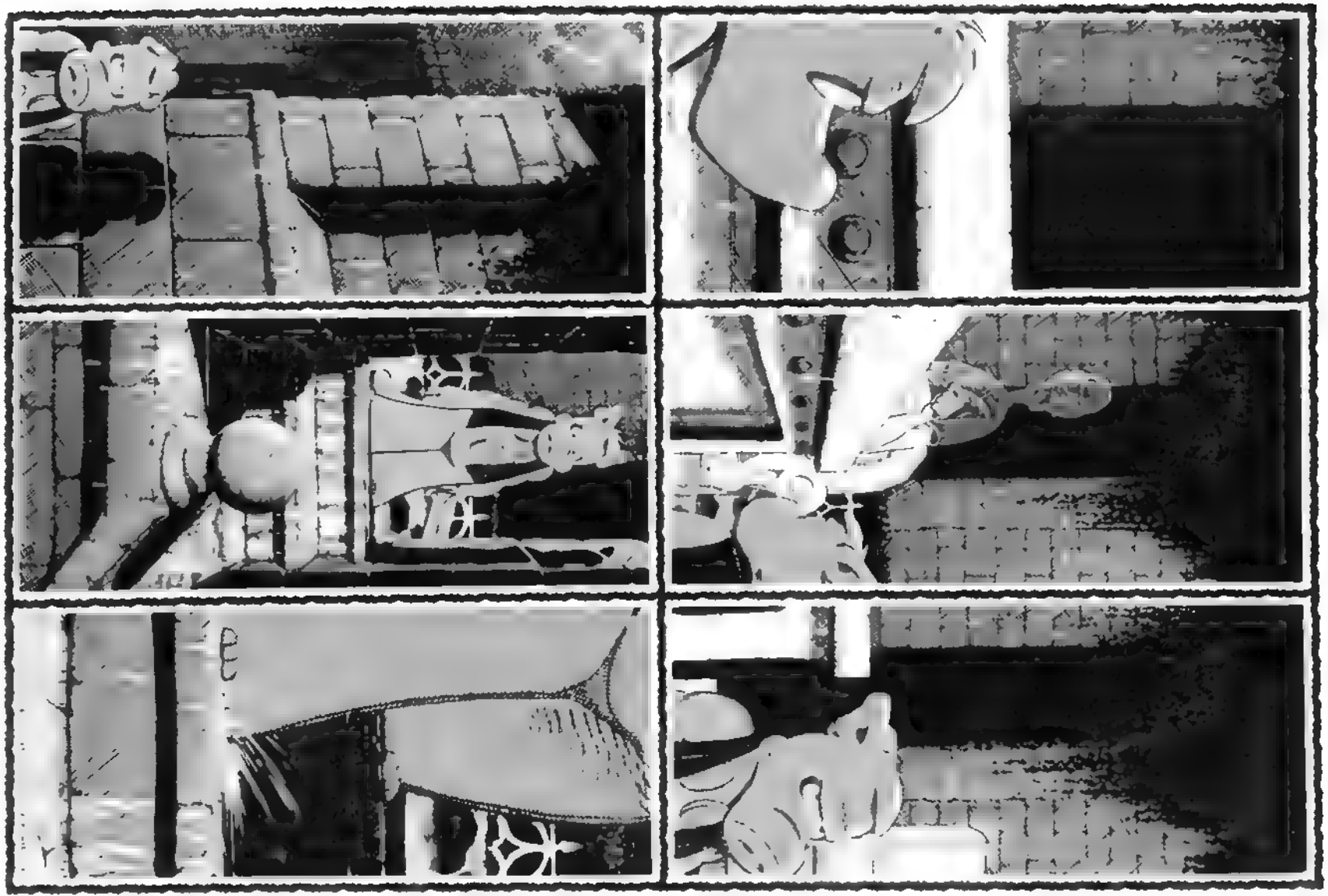


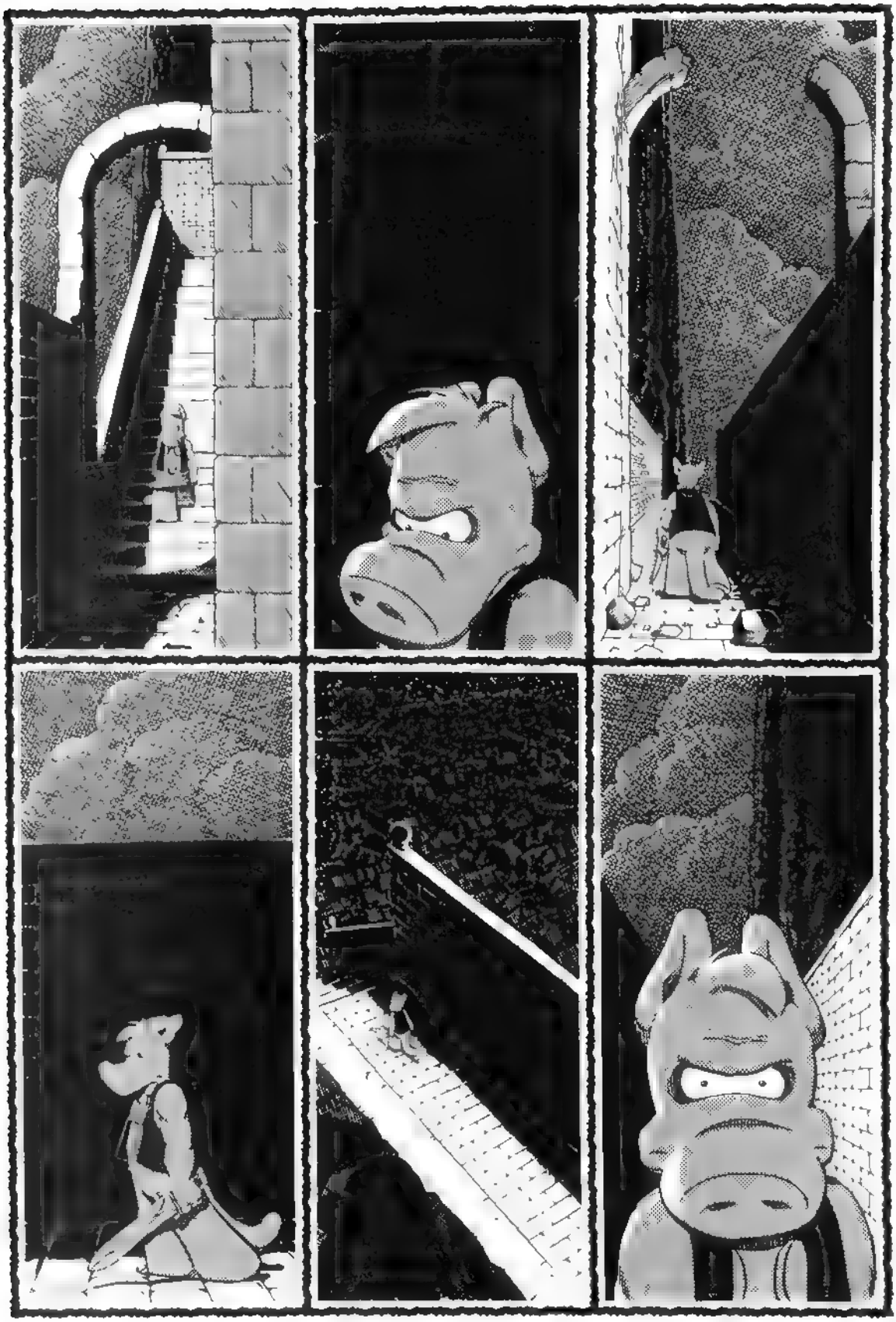


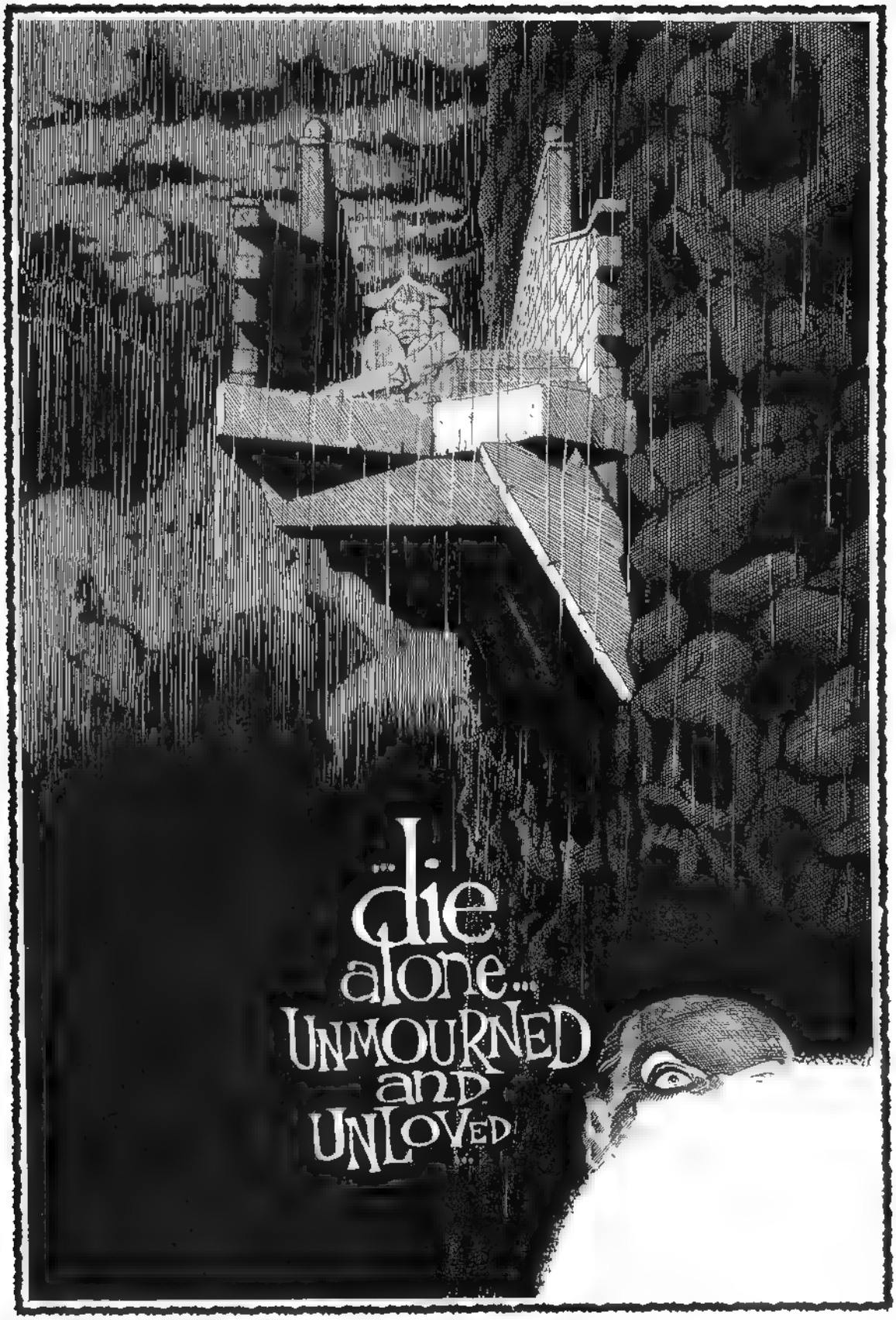


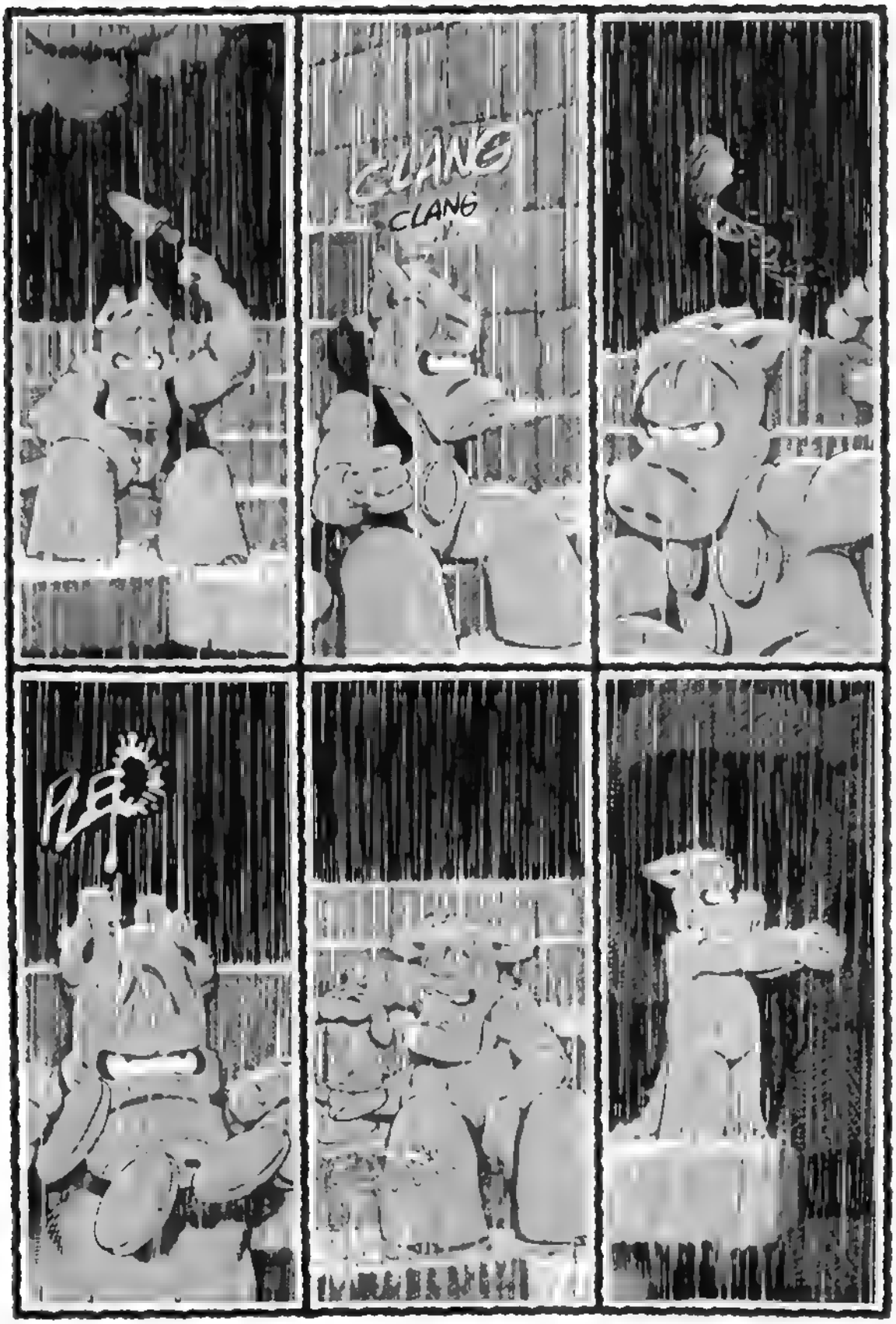


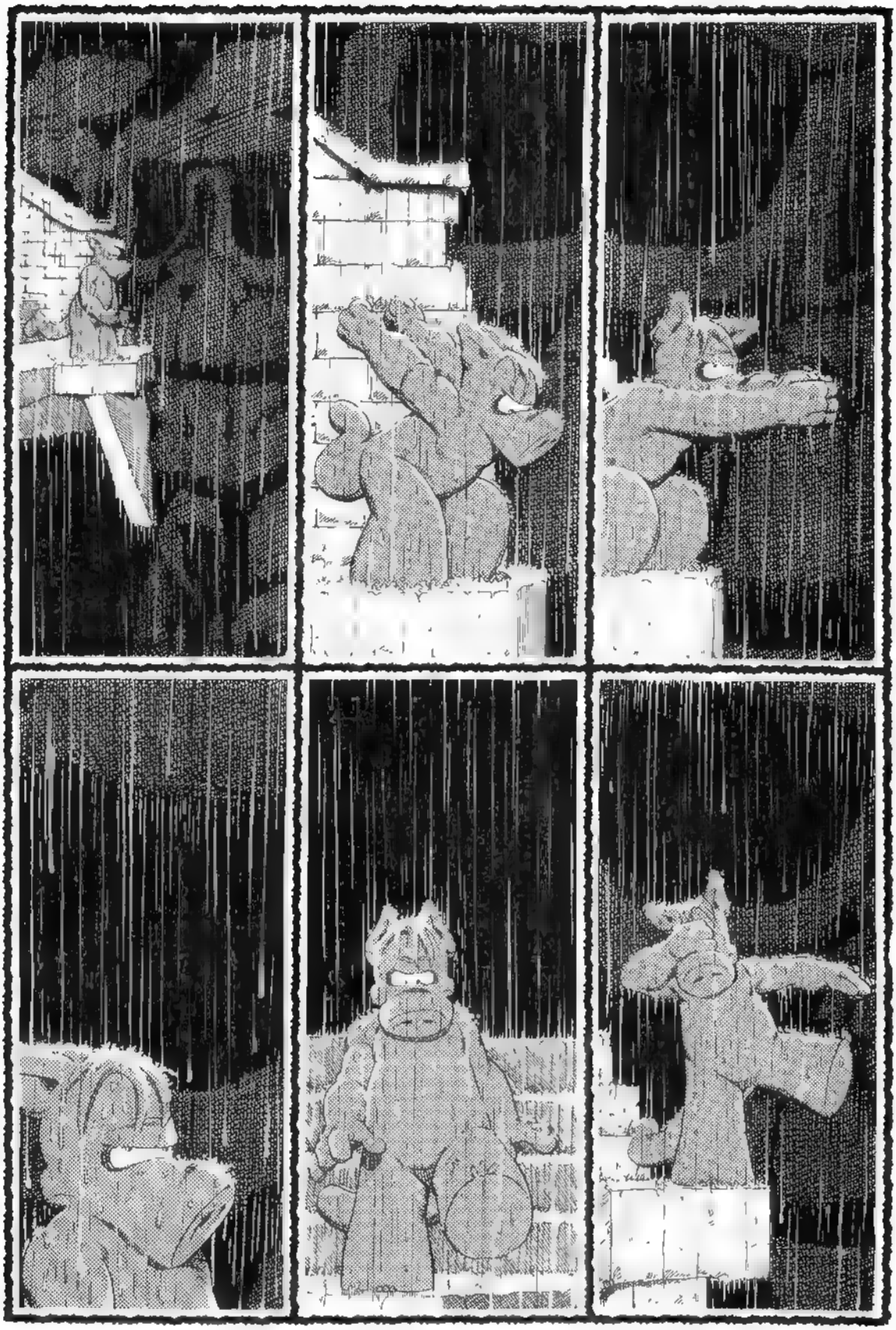


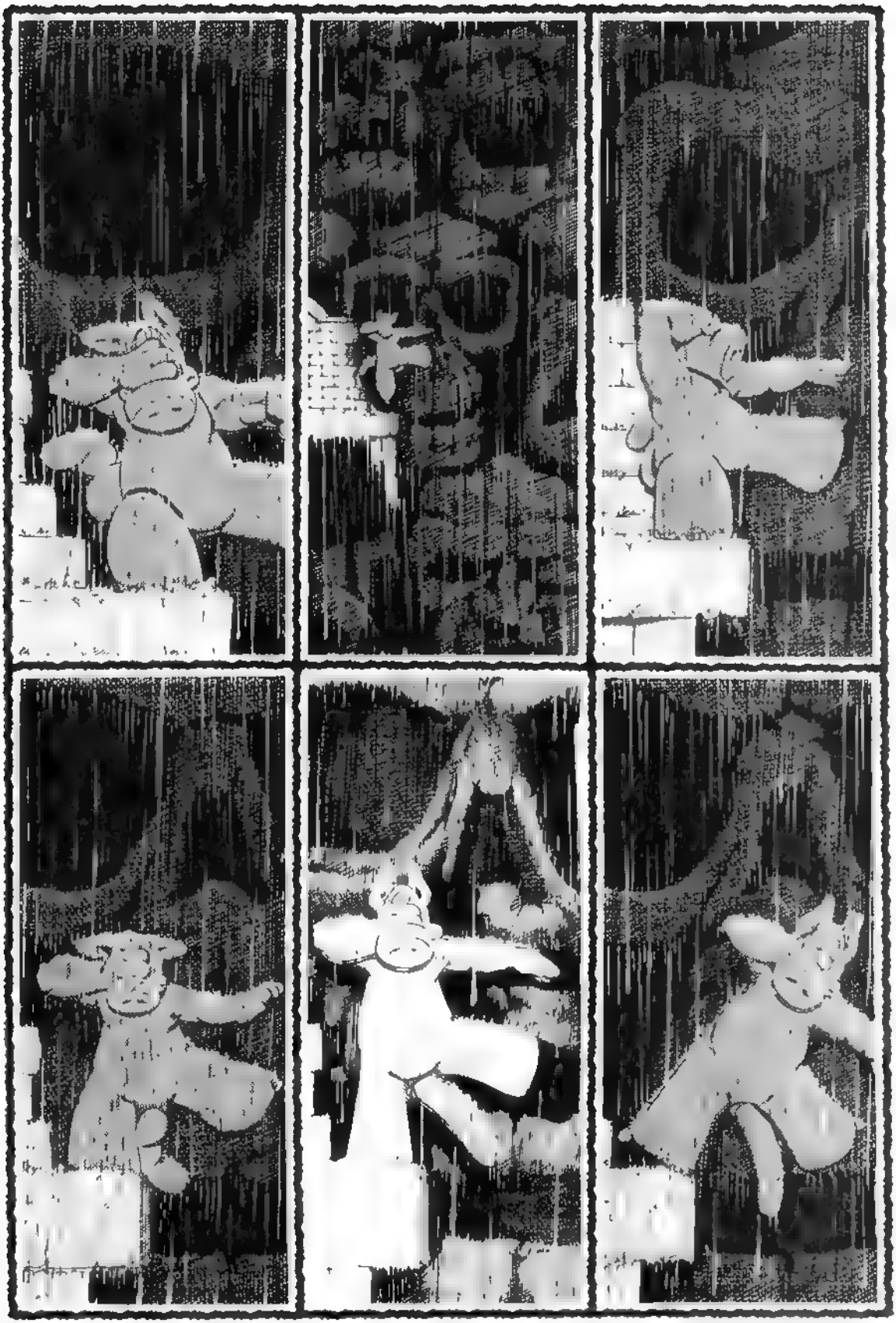


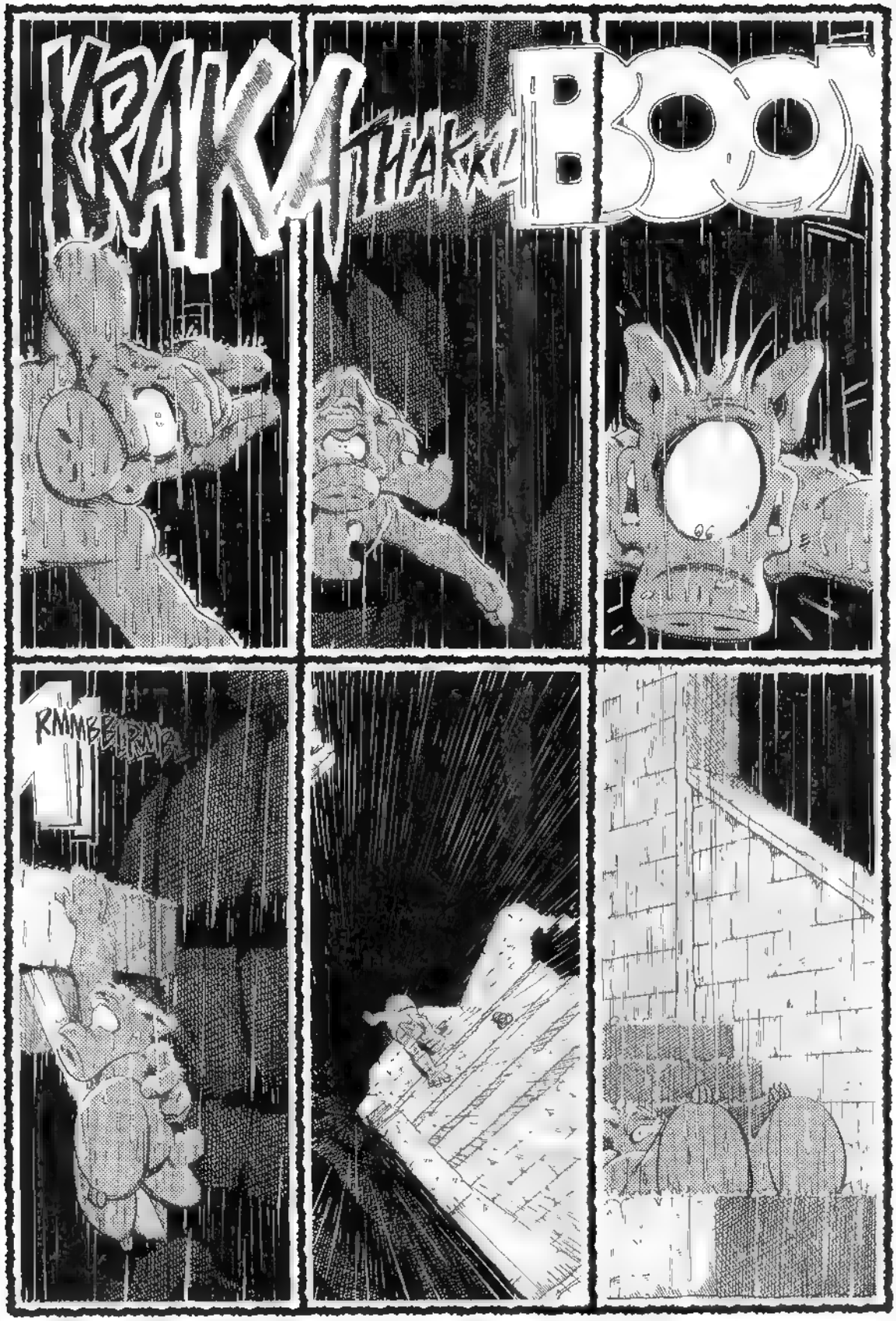


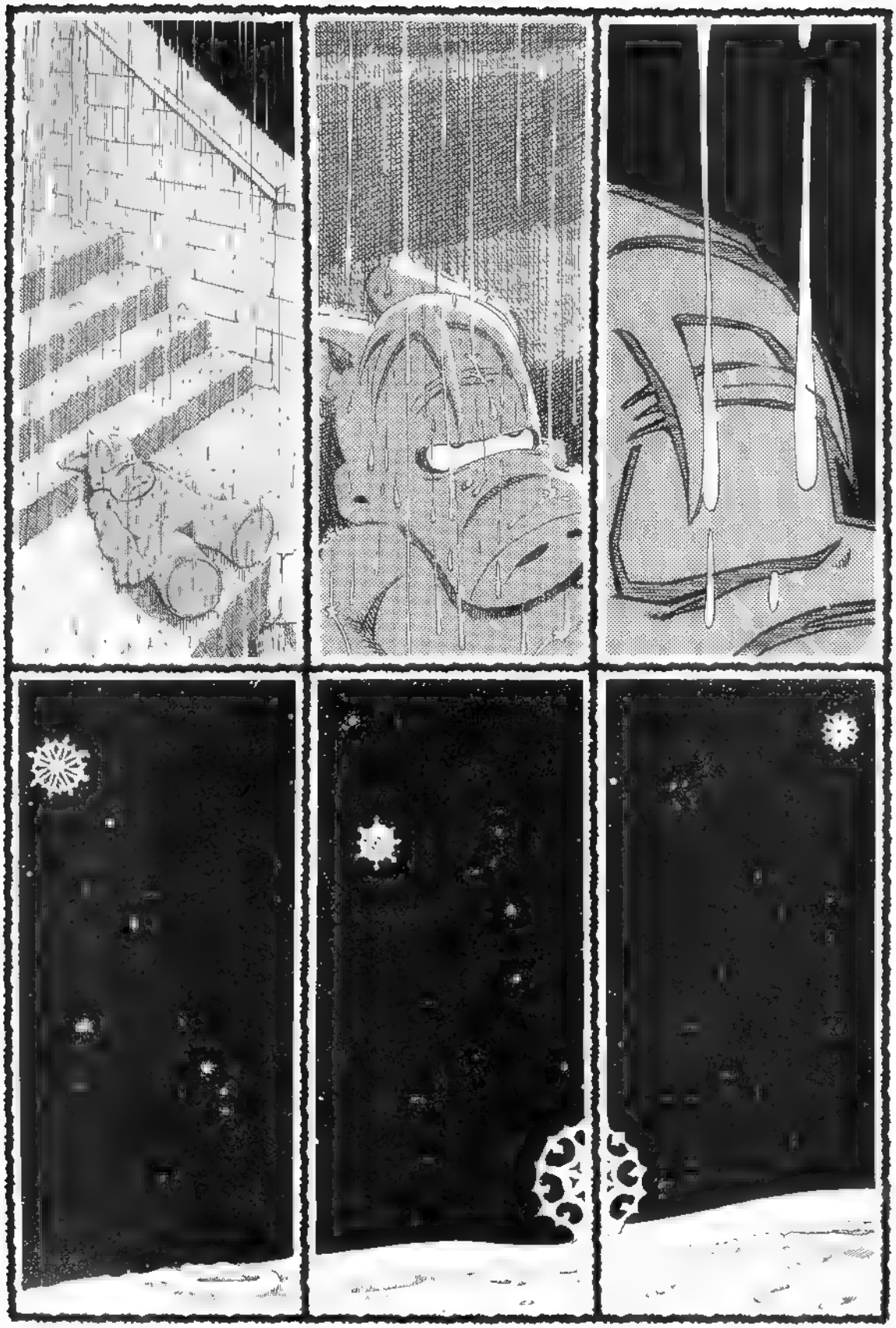

...die
alone...
UNMOURNED
and
UNLOVED

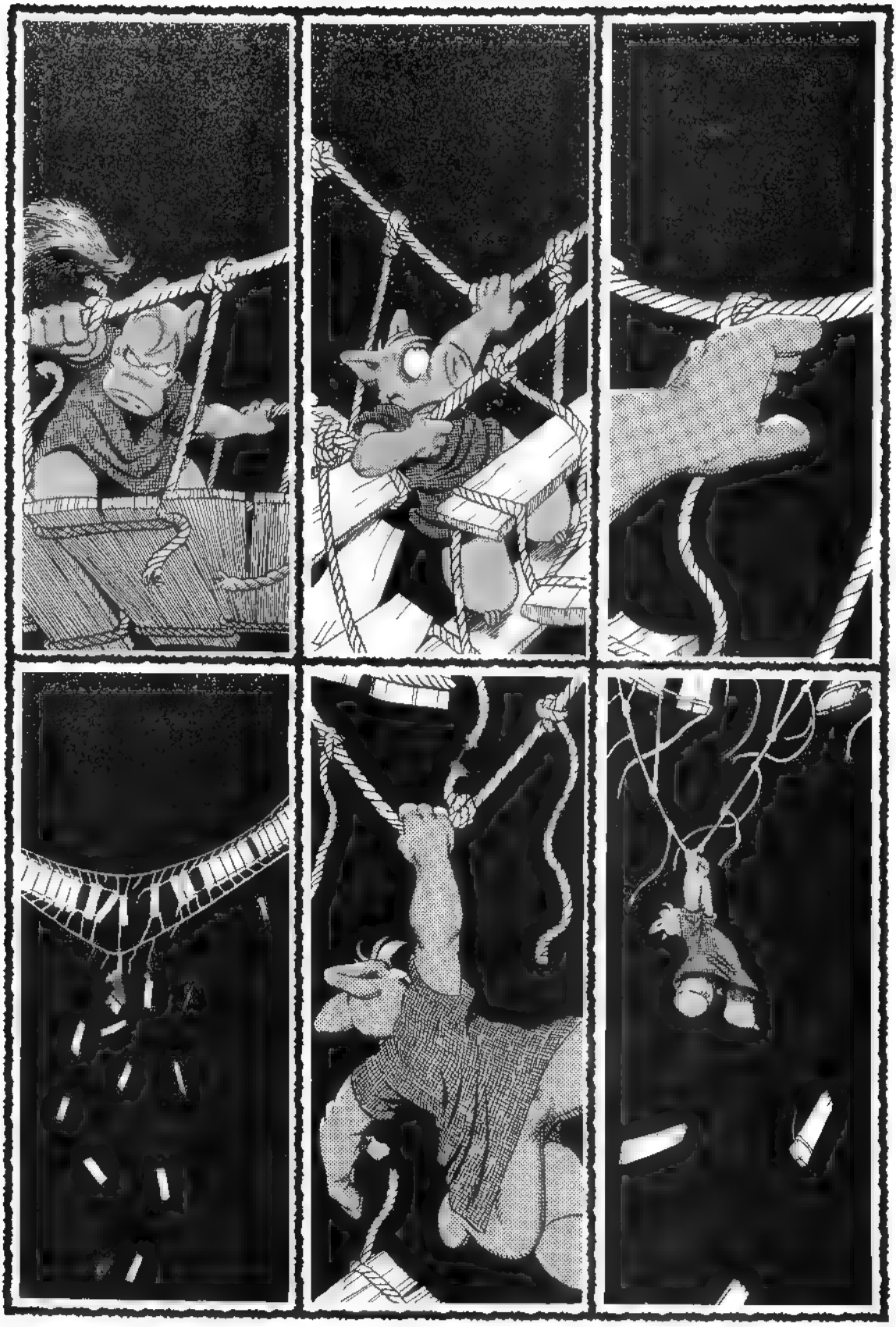

CLANG
CLANG
RE

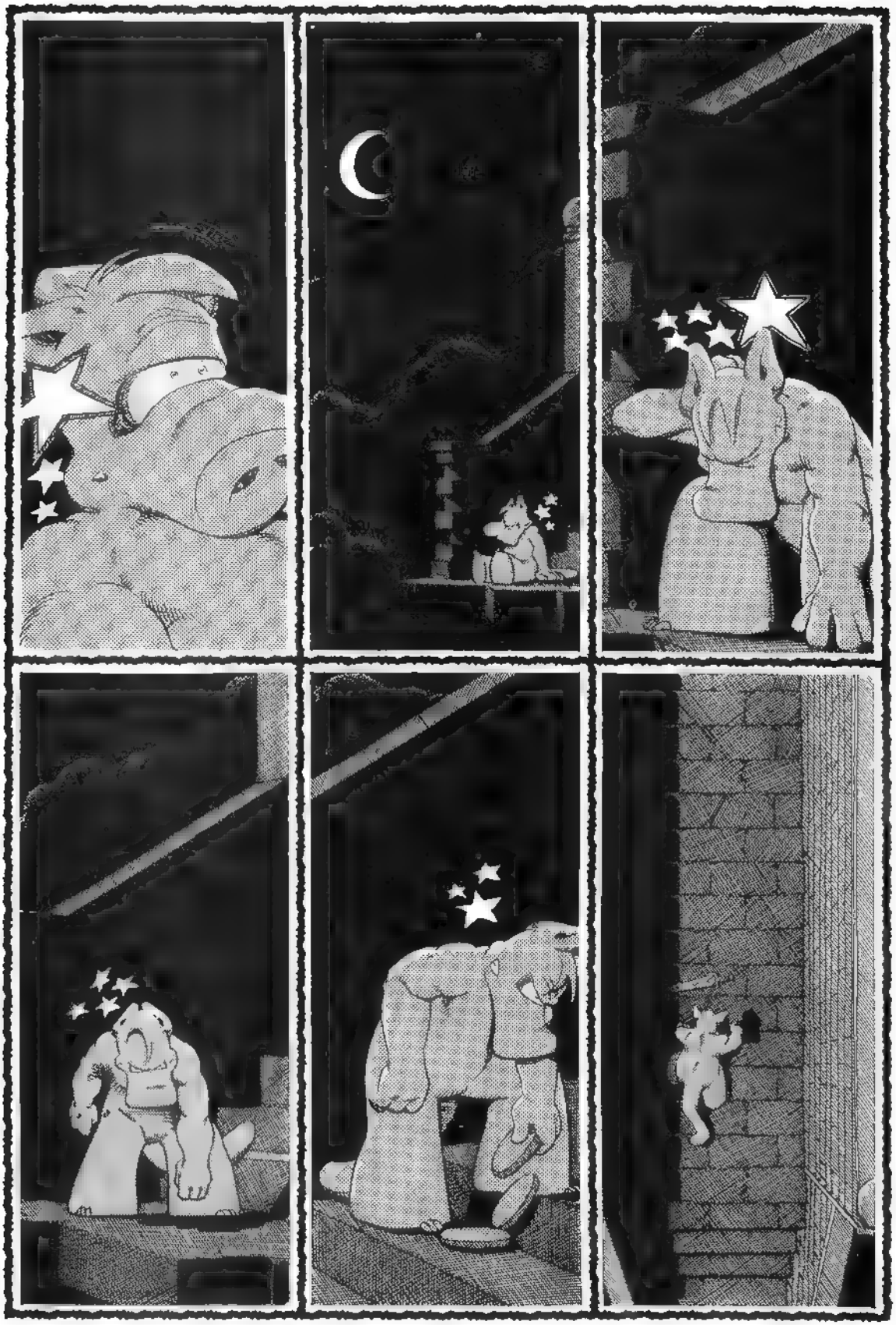


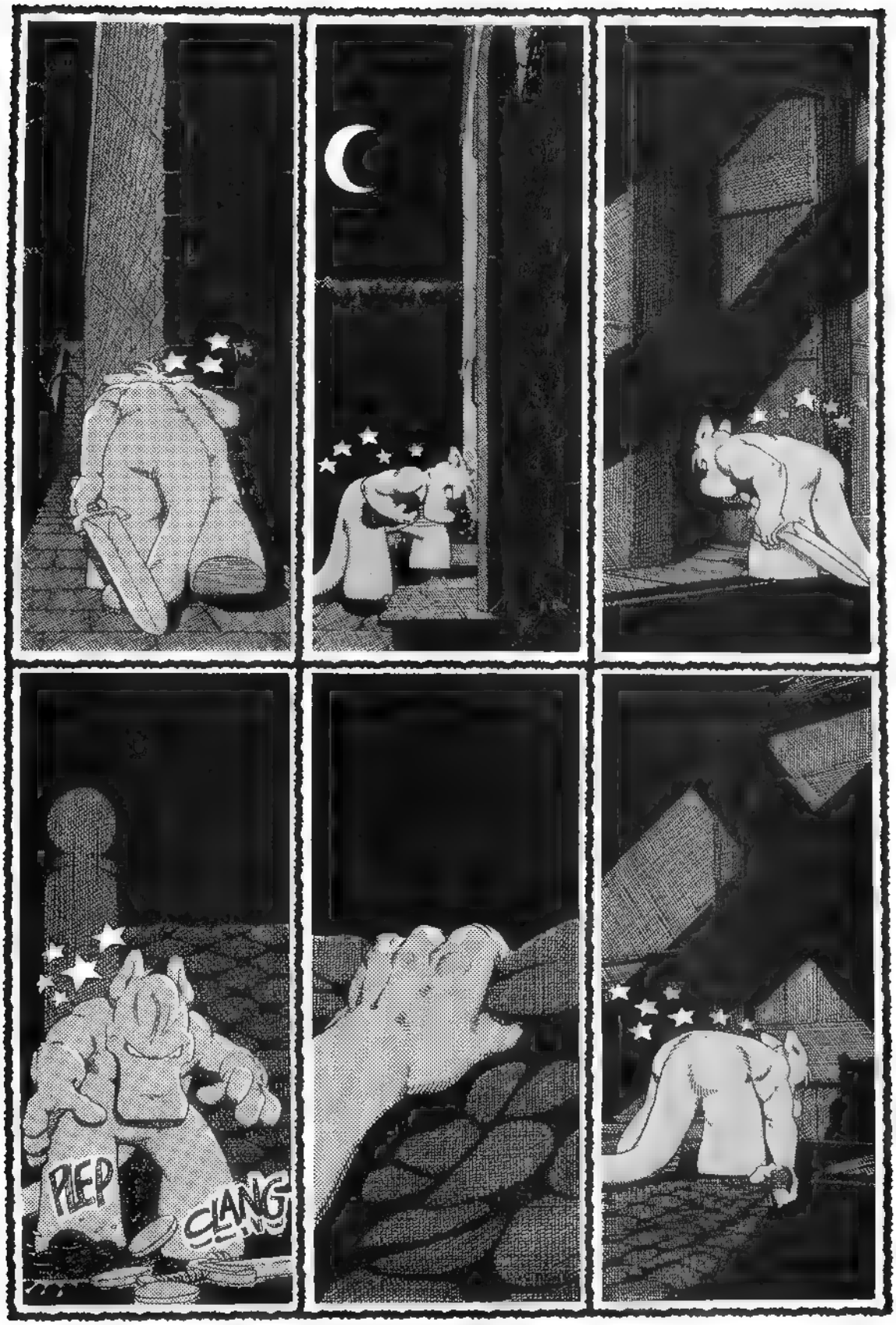


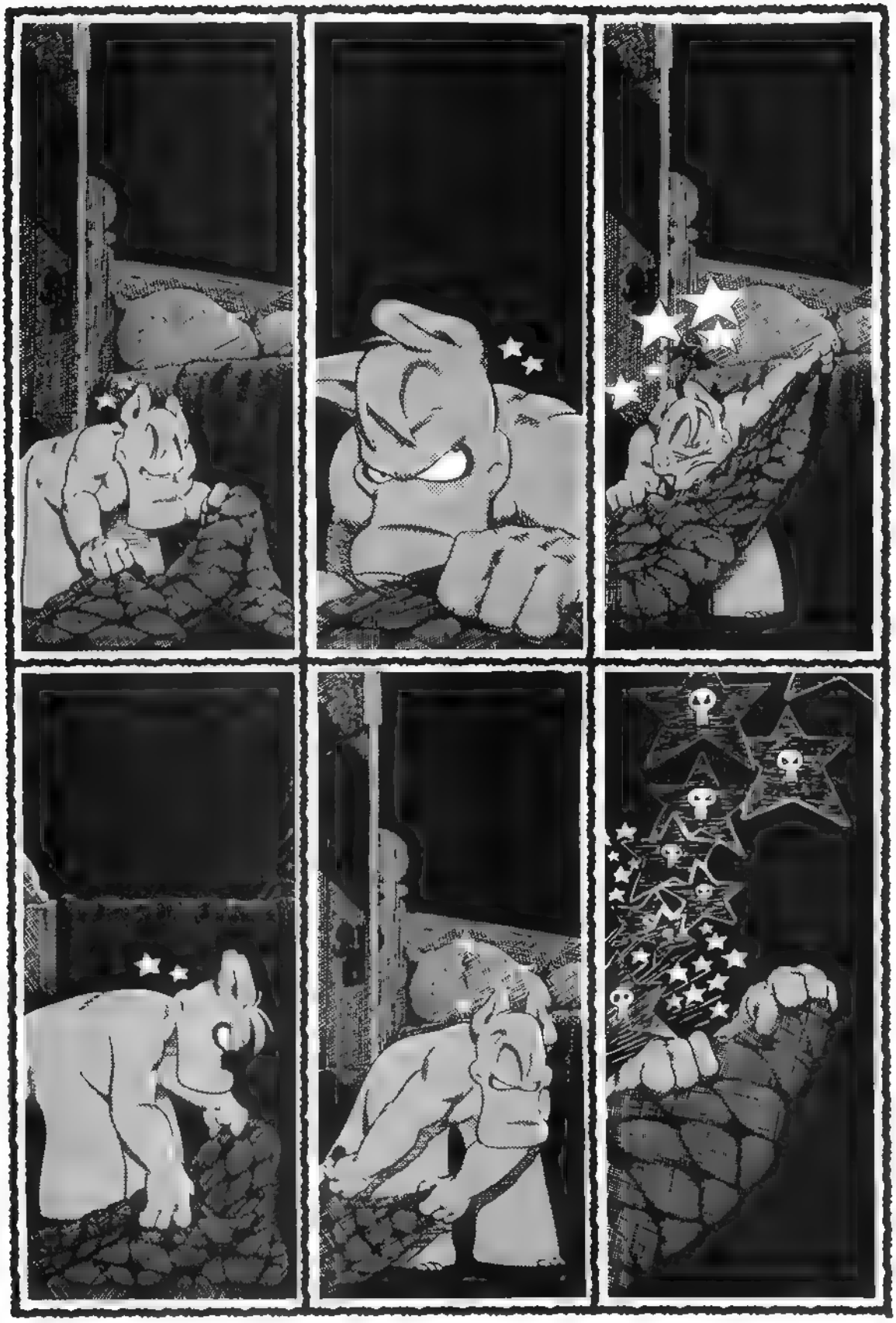

KRAK
THAKK
BOOM
RMMBELRMB

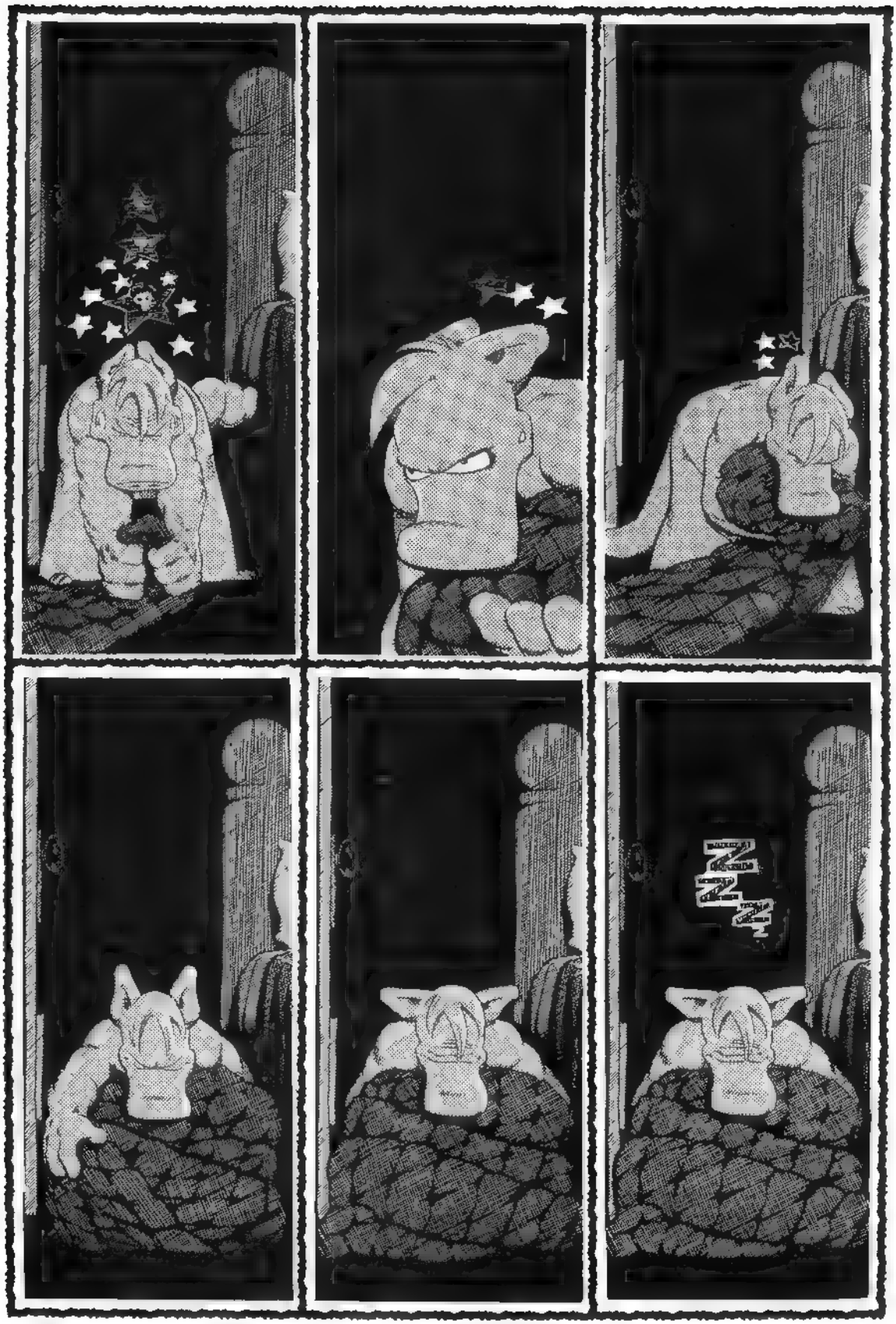


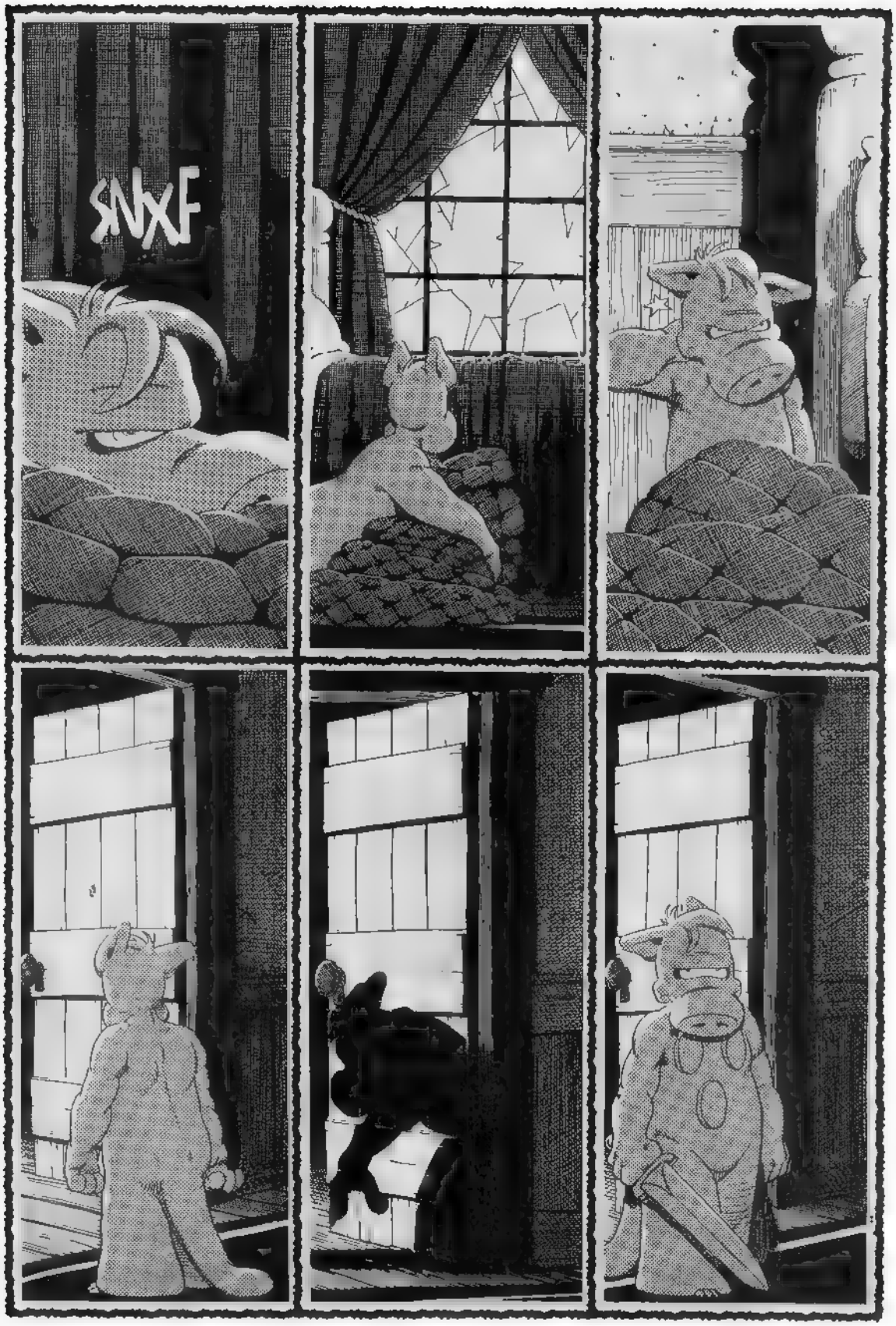





PIEP
CLANG



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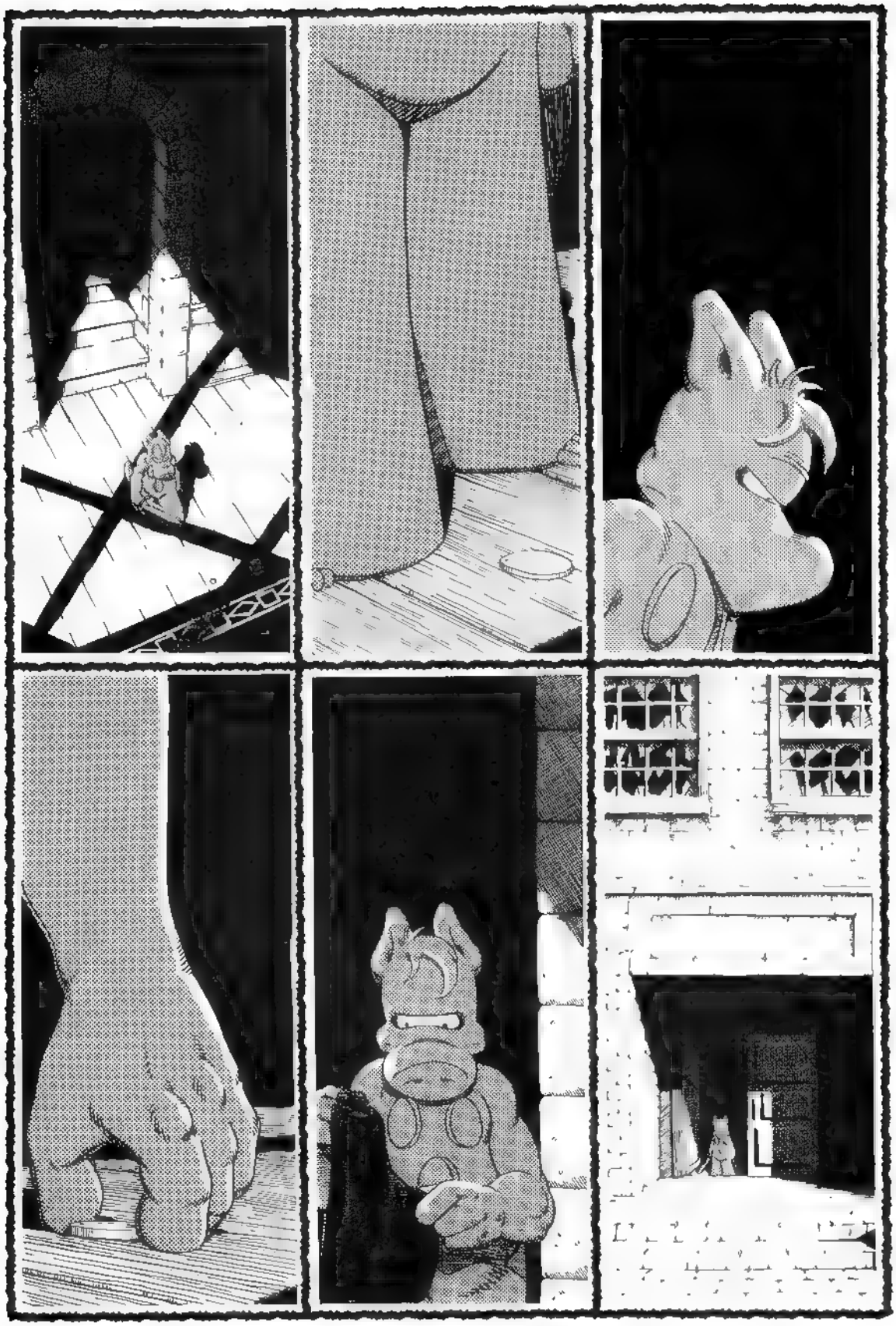
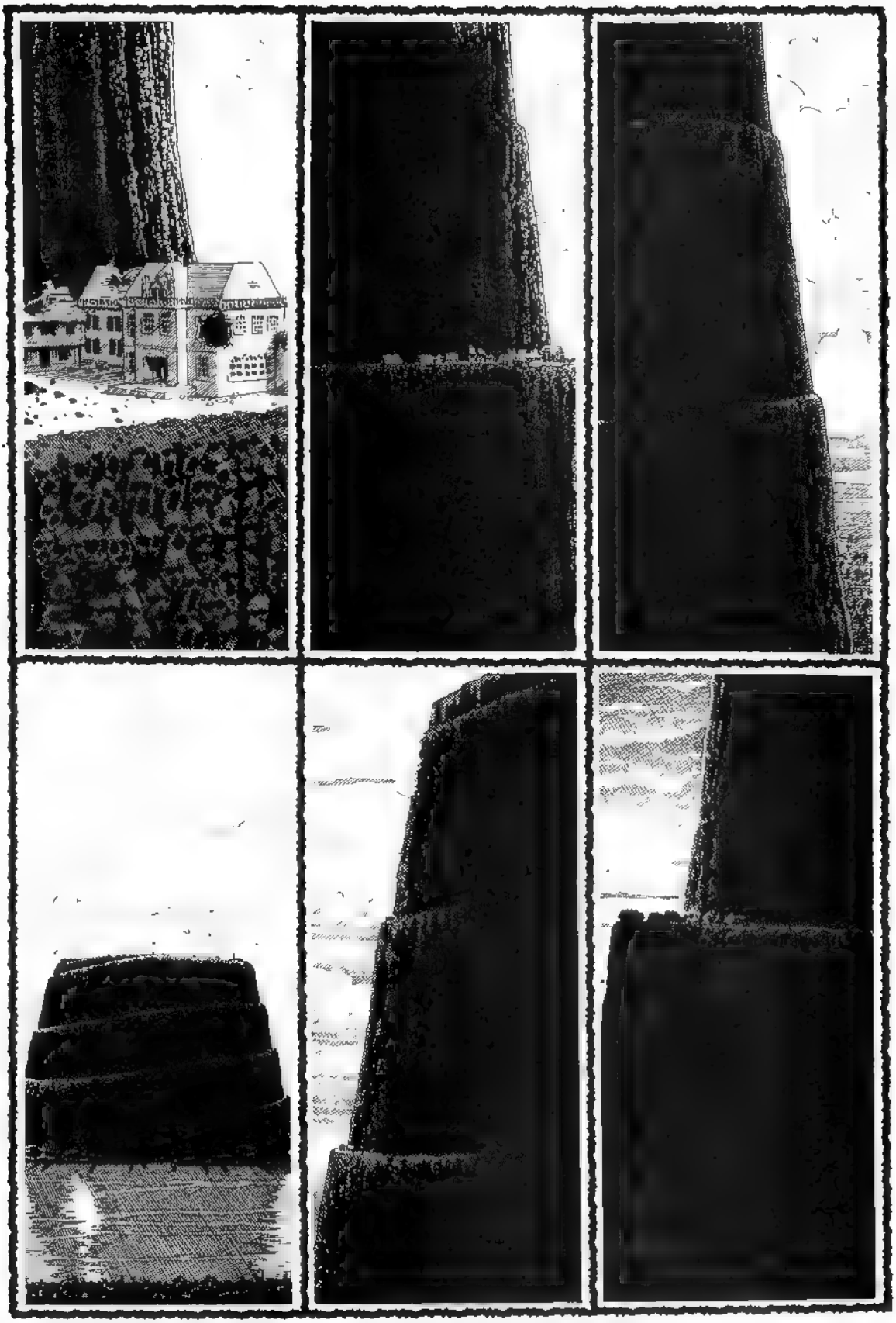
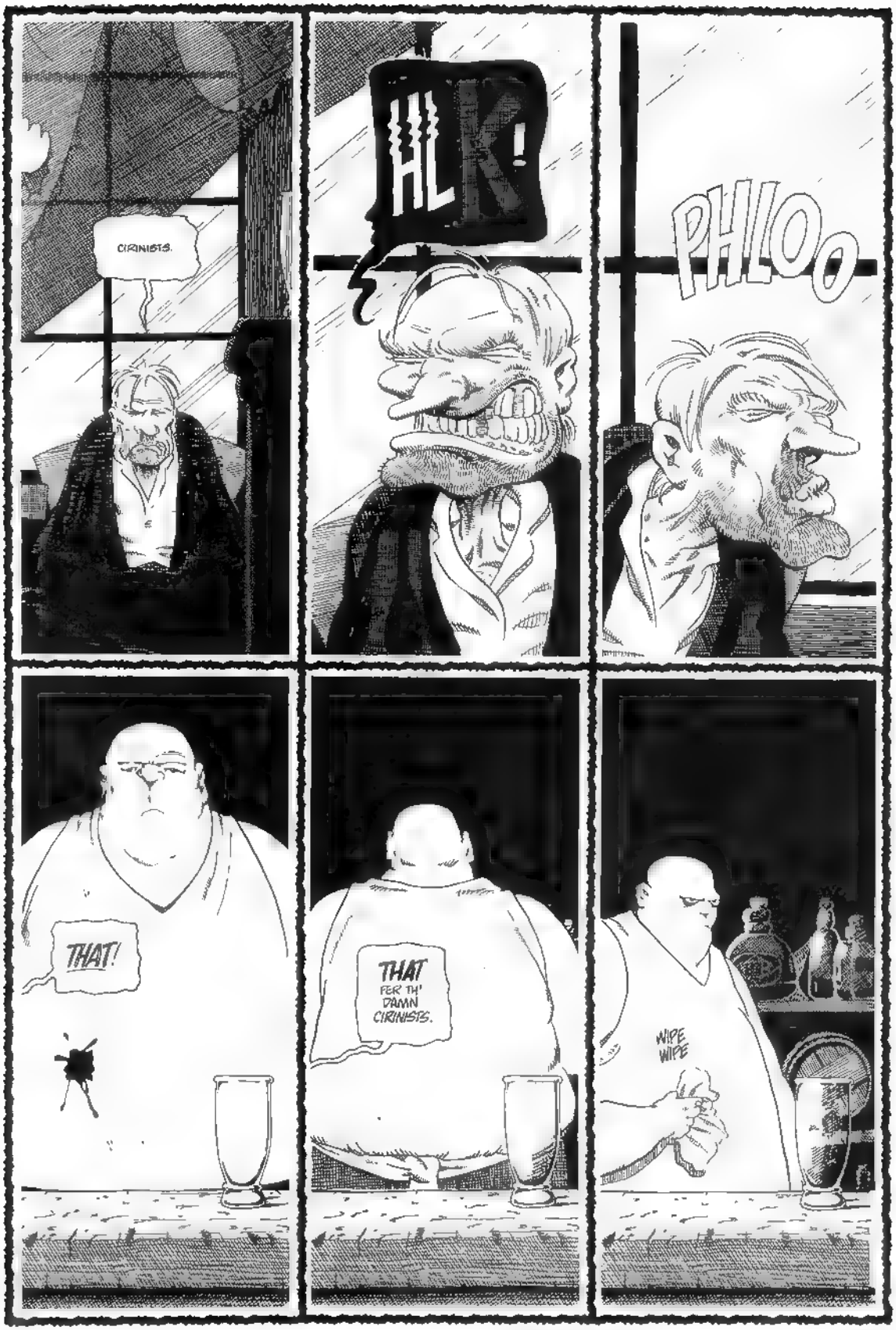
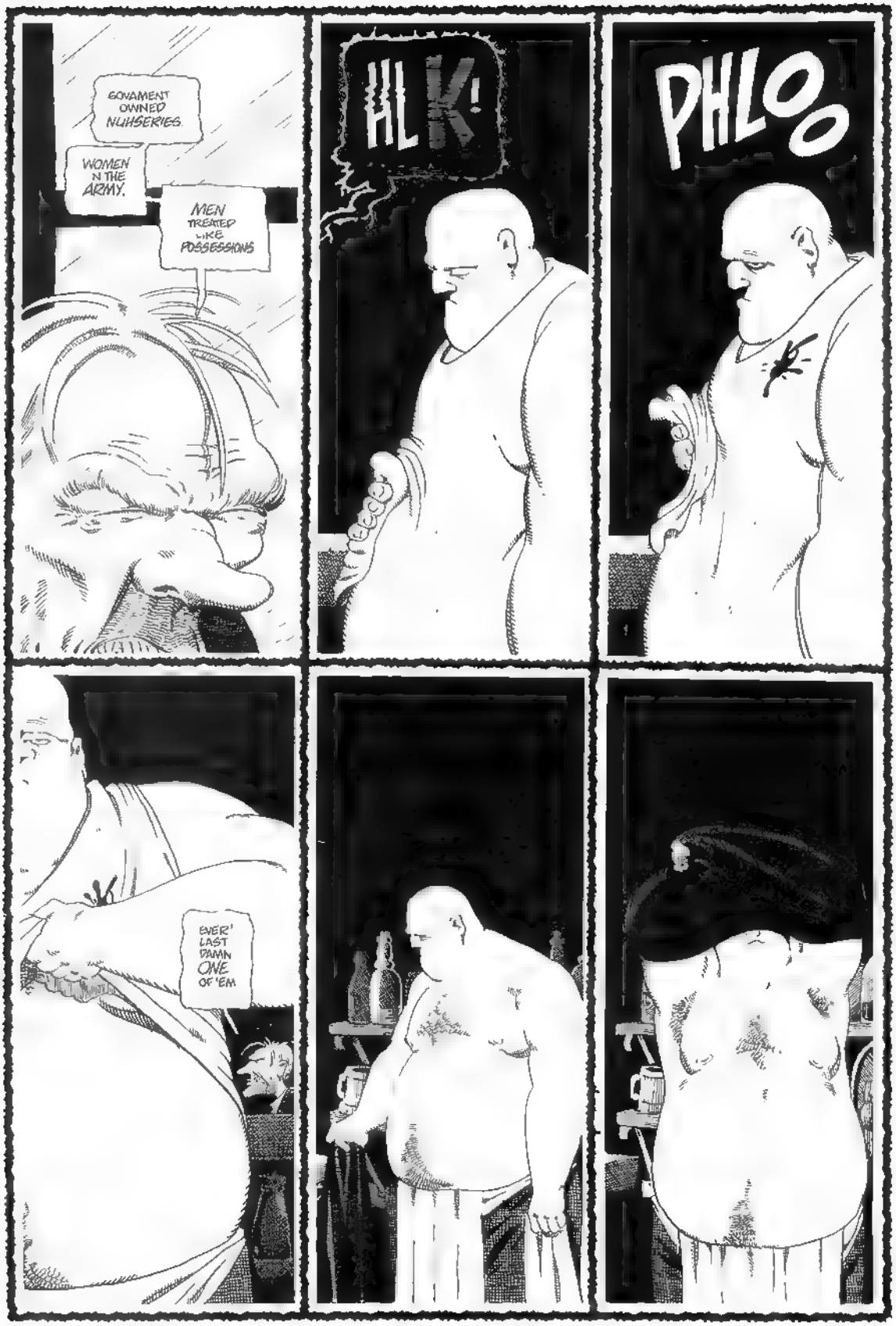
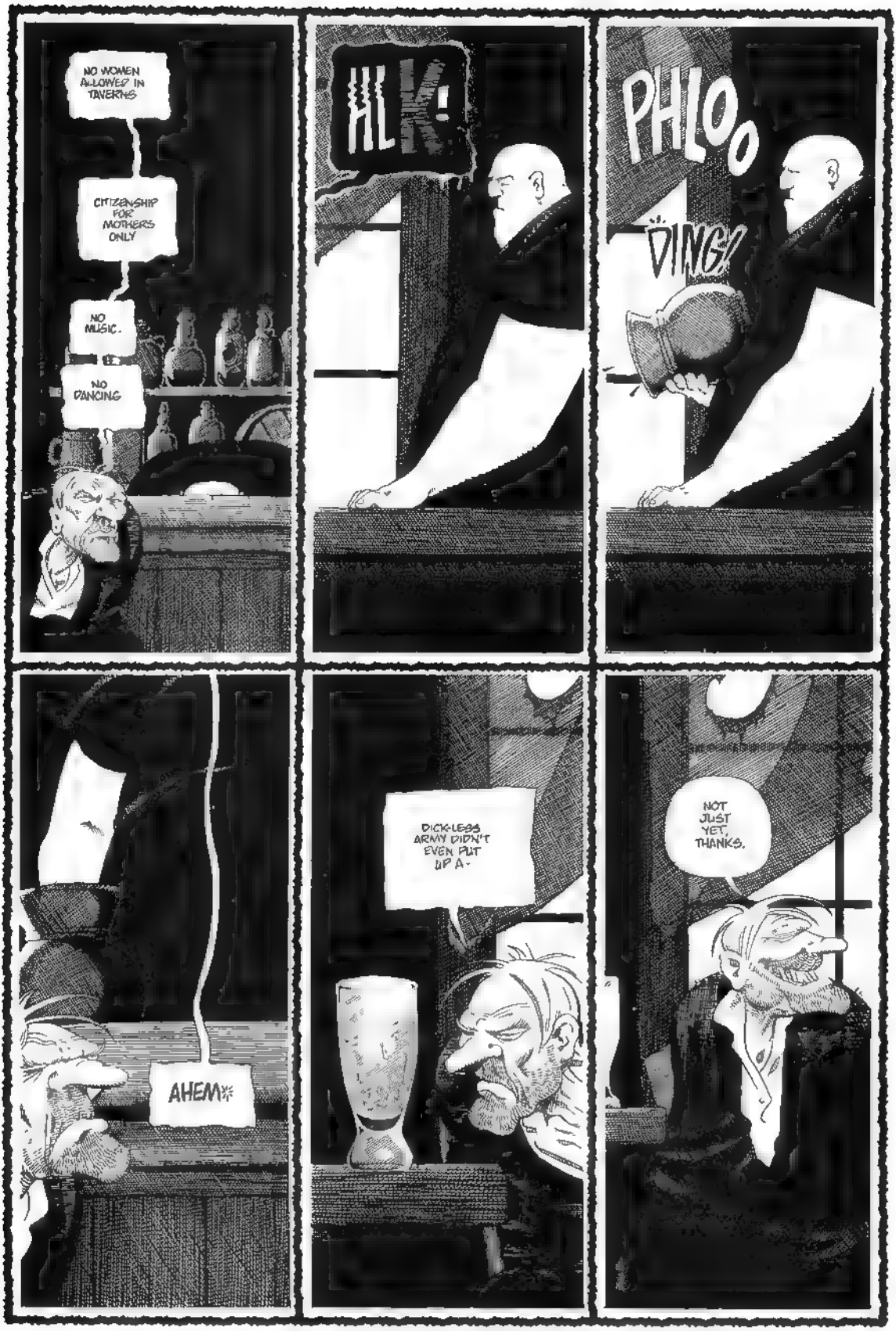


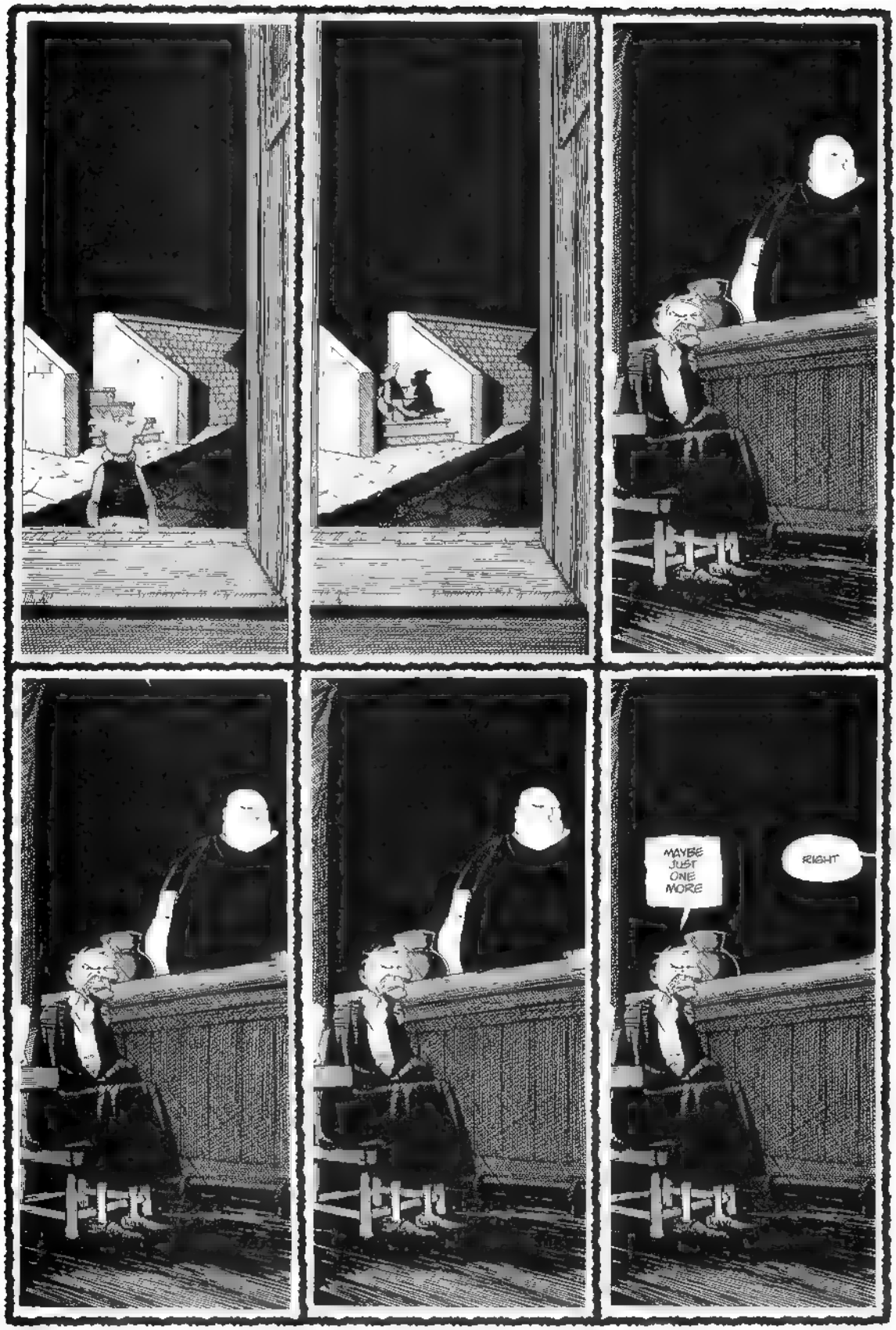


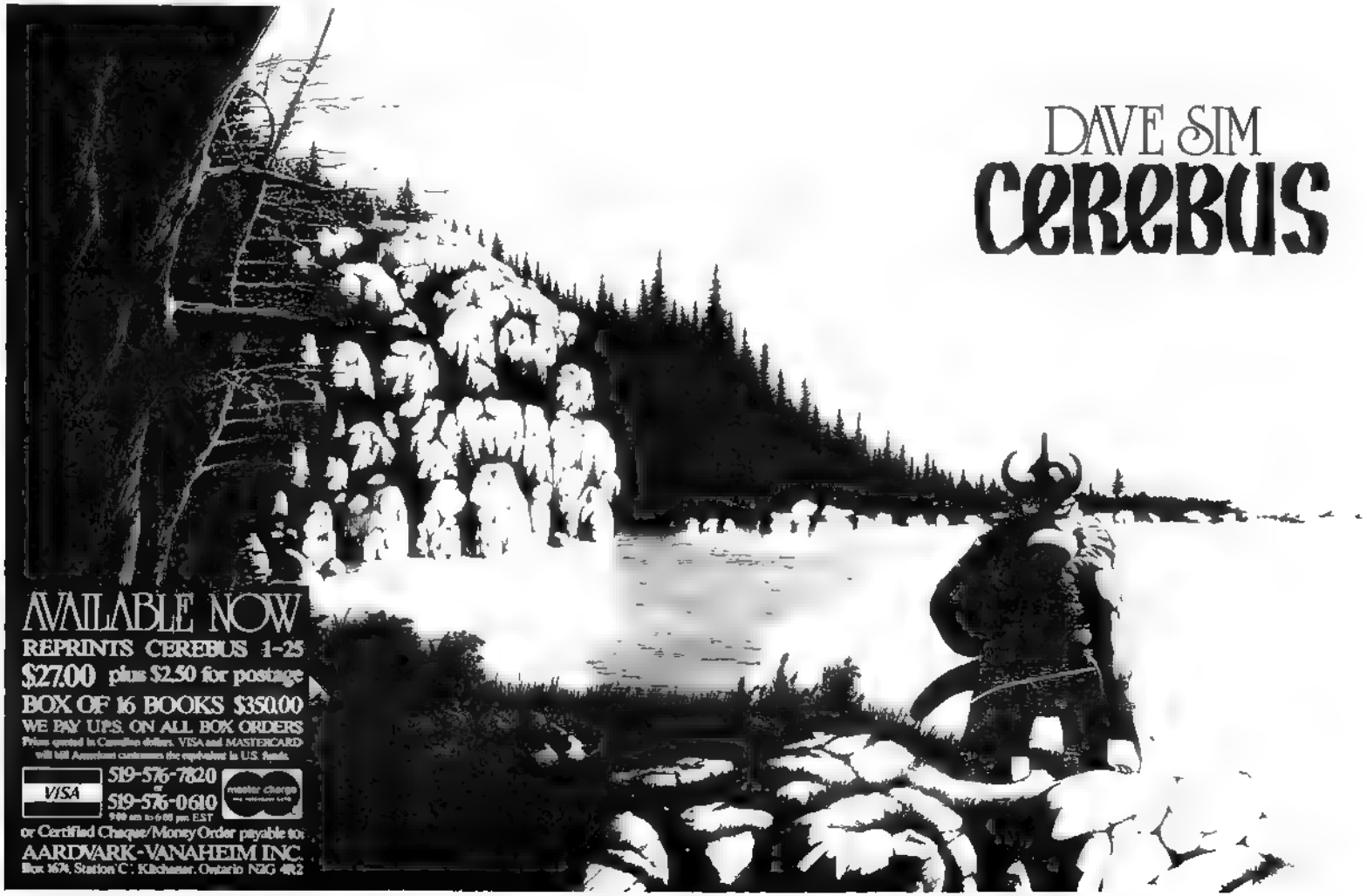

CIRINISTS.
HLK!
PHLOO
THAT!
THAT FER TH' DAMN CIRINISTS.
WIPE WIPE


GOVAMENT OWNED NUHSERIES.
WOMEN N THE ARMY.
MEN TREATED LIKE POSSESSIONS
HLK!
PHLOO
EVER' LAST DAMN ONE OF 'EM


NO WOMEN ALLOWED IN TAVERNS
CITIZENSHIP FOR MOTHERS ONLY
NO MUSIC.
NO DANCING
HLK!
PHLOo
DING!
AHEM*
DICK-LESS ARMY DIDN'T EVEN PUT UP A-
NOT JUST YET, THANKS.

I WISH SOMEONE WOULD JUST TELL ME WHERE IT ALL ENDS THAT'S ALL THAT I WISH...
IF SOMEONE COULD DO THAT
JUST TELL ME PLAIN AND SIMPLE- WHERE IT ALL ENDS, I'D..
SOMEONE PUSHES A BUTTON AND BLOWS UP THE SUN


MAYBE JUST ONE MORE
RIGHT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Box 1674, Station 'C', Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2
DAVE SIM
Church & State

AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Dear Mr Sim,

Who the hell is this Cerebus guy?

What the hell is this **Church & State** deal all about?

Where the hell can I get an episode guide to this comic?

Yeah, OK, everybody tells me **Cerebus** is a great comic.

Yeah, OK, the dealer I buy comics from tells me I have good taste whenever he sees me picking up copies of your book.

Yeah, OK, the letters page is fun to read and you draw real purty pictures.

BUT WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!!!!!!!

I hope you start a new plotline soon so's I can see whether or not I like this comic.

Help me. Somebody please help me.

Confused
66 West 900 South,
Layton, Utah 84041

No wonder you're confused. This is 66 East 900 South. You're looking for 66 West 900 South. Also this is Layton, New Mexico. You're looking for Layton, Utah. Is there anyone you can, you know, phone?

****

Dear Dave:

"Marvel and Decease." Clever pun. If you wanted to carry it further, you could have added: "but First, an Eclipse."

Sincerely,

Eddie Brown
P.O. Box 951,
Bowling Green KY, 42102

Ho, ho, ho.

****

Dear Dave,

I have thoroughly enjoyed the past few issues of Cerebus. However, I was saddened to learn in Walking on the Moon that Fred and Ethel were destined to become "a light sprinkling of ash" upon re-entering the gravitational field.

I was a bit fond of Fred and Ethel.

You see, at my college there is this extremely obese girl named Petunia (real name withheld in case of the remote possibility that she might read this). Not surprisingly, she has incredibly huge bosoms. They are so huge, in fact, that she must let them rest on her desk during class. About half way through the first semester, I decided that anything that big deserved its own name. So, I named Petunia's tits "Fred and Ethel."

Thus, you can understand my surprise and delight several weeks later when I read Ascension's End and discovered an obese creature/creatures named Fred and Ethel.

Although gluttonous she may be, Petunia is a very pleasant girl and perhaps you will forgive me for the betrayal of emotion I might show as a tear swells in my eye at the thought of her and her breasts plummeting earthward in a bright blaze of fire.

Respectfully yours,

R.D. Tucker

P.S. I hope you don't think we have nothing better to do at Oklahoma Christian College than to give names to parts of other people's anatomies. Sometimes we write in-depth letters.

It's all just too poignant for words, isn't it?

****

Dear Dave,

Sorry, I'm losing touch a little. Is it my imagination or is Cerebus getting harder to find around here? Who knows? Who cares? Anyway, I didn't write to complain about distribution. What I did write to complain about will doubtless become clear soon. Presuming I remember of course. I'm sure you're sitting on the edge of your pedestal.

A FLAMING CARROT CROSSOVER? HA! What's next? Mork and Mindy? Davy Crockett? Pixies in my cupboard?! I should be so lucky. (Sorry to bring this up, as I said, I'm a little behind. This is your one free straight line by the way, don't waste it). I like Bob Burden though, that old homonunculus. Or is that asparagus? I can never remember.

THE JOKE IN 107 IS THERE IS NO JOKE IN 107. Cerebus says nothing! Double bag collector's issue. I enjoyed it! What am I, stupid or something? That's right.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY. Well said. Keep saying it and I'm sure it will finally seep through the skull bones and into the jelly and pureed dollar bills those types use for brains. Unless they keep goldfish there of course. It all depends on the executive position I understand. We must never generalise or stereotype, though, as it's so terribly dangerous! Just put the boot in. Verbally, that is. (Plagiarism strikes again)

Yesterday I read all my Cerebus's on top of the garage, as it was very sunny, and I ended up with a headache and arms that looked like they had been peeled in salt. Is this significant? Is my name Louise?

Where is the Elf? Where is Connie L? (Is it impolite to say things like clitoral spasm or "do the clam!" on a letters page anyway?) Are we ever going to find out more about Cirin's skin problem? Are you ever coming back to Glasgow? Do you like Daffy Duck cartoons? Can you have Cerebus say "yes indeedy" for me?

I wondered why AKA comics and books put a price sticker over your face in the bottom photo on the back of 107 until I peeled it off.

I never claimed to be a particularly nice person, did I?

Say hello to Gerhard's camera for me.

Yours incorrigibly,

Cassandra the Witch
140 Drakies Avenue,
Inverness, Scotland
IV2 3SE

P.S. In order to get this letter printed, please find enclosed my baby sister. Yes this is a bribe. No she doesn't.

Actually, she's rather grown to like it. Do you want her back sometime or are you getting on fine without her?

****

KISS SOMEONE WHEN YOU GET THIS LETTER AND MAKE MAGIC!!

This paper has been sent to you for good luck. The original copy is in New England. It has been around the world nine times. This luck has been sent to you. You will receive good luck within four days of receiving this letter providing you send it back out. This is NO JOKE. Send copies to people you think need good luck. Don't send money as fate has no price. Do not keep this letter. It must leave your hands within 96 hours. An Air Force officer received $70,000.00. Joe Elliot received $40,000.00 and lost it because he broke the chain. While in the Philippines, Gene Welch lost his wife six days after receiving this letter. He failed to circulate the letter.

However, before her death, they had received $50,000.00 in a lottery. The money was transferred four days after he decided to send out this letter. Please send 20 copies of this letter and see what happens in four days. The chain comes from Venezuela and was written by Saul Anthony ce Ci, a missionary from South Africa. Since the copy must make a tour of the world you must make twenty copies and send them to your friends and strangers. After a few days you will get a surprise. This is true even if you are not superstitious. Do note the following. Constatine Dias received the chain in 1953. He asked his secretary to make twenty copies and send them out. A few days later he won a lottery of two million dollars. Andy Daddit, an office employee received this letter, forgot it had to leave his hands within 96 hours. He lost his job. Later, after finding the letter, he mailed out twenty copies. A few days later, he got a better job. Dale Fairchild received the letter and not believing, he threw it away. Nine days later he died.

PLEASE SEND NO MONEY. PLEASE DON'T IGNORE THIS. IT WORKS!

Sorry about this folks. I just wanted to see what kind of luck I would have sending out thirty thousand copies. You realize, of course, that all of you now have to send out twenty copies within four days.

****

Dear Dave,

Imagine a chick-pea that has just spent the afternoon in a Russian soldier's armpit, only to find that it has missed a particularly stimulating installment of "Family Ties" during which Alex flees for the moon with Khrushchev's frontal lobe.

Yours sincerely,

Matthew Brown
470 Clendenan Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario
M6P 2X6

Exactly. So what's your point?

****

Dear Mr. Sim,

I like your book. I dislike you. I really like your book. I dislike you even more. In fact, I think you're such an asshole that I have stopped reading Cerebus. Now, "Big fucking deal", you might say, "I lost a shithead reader." Unfortunately, I am but one of many. I manage a comic book shop, and I know of at least ten people who boycott your book, a book they once enjoyed, because they know what a true fuck-up you are. Now you know why Cerebus sells like shit. I suspect this isn't an isolated case, in fact, I'm sure you receive hundreds of letters like this every day. Grab a clue, buddy! If what goes on at our shop (a relatively small shop) goes on at most of the 475 shops listed in the Overstreet Price Guide, you could be missing out on probably more than 4,750 sales simply because you're a dick. Gosh I hope so. Before you try and rip me apart, my customers that aren't reading your book are the same ones that read Alan Moore material. They are not idiots. They like your stories, they like your artwork, but because you insist upon acting so belligerent and juvenile towards anyone who opposes you, they do what they have to. They are trying to tell you that being a close-minded asshole, using your book as a shooting gallery, is not the right way to go. I'd take this into account if I were you, it's only your income being affected. Now, if you must, you can rip into me and tell me that I and my customers are the true fuckheads.

Yours truly,

Eric Reynolds
Land of Ooh's and Ah's
17179 A Brookhurst Street
Fountain Valley, CA., 92708

P.S. Sorry I didn't type this, but you're just not worth my time. I was hard-pressed to spend the quarters on the stamps.
P.P.S. I am establishing a Shawn R. Granger Fan-club. For any information, please contact me at the above address.
P.P.P.S. Please, do us all a favor, never have children.

"Land of Ooh's and Ah's." Stayed awake all night dreaming up that one, did we?

****

Tracy J Hall, the self-confessed Hippie from Hell sends greetings and a graveyard photo from Borington (aka Bradenton) Florida. Tracy designed the Cerebus tarot card above and asked me to remind everyone that she is still undead.

Dave,

I was reading through a friend's copy of THRASHER magazine (a rag read by those who ride skateboards — "skaters". Comprised totally of teenagers and people refusing to grow up, the population of skaters has earned a reputation as troublemaking punks.), in particular, their column on Trashy Heavy Metal Bands Guaranteed not to Release a Second Record Album.

They were detailing this one band, the Spermbirds, and showed the cover of their record, "Something to Prove." It was black, with "Spermbirds" written like it had been spackled on by guess what. Off to one corner was printed the titles of the songs, and on the bottom was written the name of the album, which I have already mentioned.

But in the center, Dave, in the middle of a circular white field cut out of the black was a picture.

A picture of our favorite Most Holy Pope Cerebus.

I really hope you're making a lot of money off this one, Dave. The Spermbirds? Whew.

Yeah, yeah, I guess it is YOUR comic.

Really, Truely,

Cliff Judge
2807 63rd Place,
Cheverly, MD., 20785

Actually, the album could have been featured in another column on Trashy Skate-Punk Heavy Metal Bands who Swiped Something Without Permission From an Artist Who Will Let Them Get Away With it Becauses He Doesn't Want to be Viewed as a Boring Old Fart. (Thanks to Kim Thompson for sending me a copy).

★★★★★★★★★★

5:56 AM — After an all-night Cerebus reading bash and mead-fest.

Dear Exalted Creator of Delights: (that wasn't overdoing it, was it?)

Just finished Cerebus numbers 9-78 (and numbers 106, 107, and 108). I used to be one of what must be hordes of would-be's who go through the following ritual:

Member of the Horde: "Gee, best friend, I'm bored with all these ordinary comics. What's a **good** comic, worth my hard earned dollars?"

Best Friend: "Cerebus is the best comic in the universe. It transcends all that is merely mortal. It changed my life. But don't bother to buy it. If you haven't been reading it since #1 or maybe #2 you won't understand it and it'd be a waste of money."

Chagrined, Member of the Horde walks away, tail drooping.

Fed up with repeated dissuasions, I finally bought an issue, risking what seemed like too high a price, but what the heck — I loved the moonscape cover of #106, and I went into a minor hysteria of laughter when I saw the Swamp Thing parody.

Sos I read it. Sos I loved it and didn't care if I'd jumped in one third of the way through. Sos Best Friend says, gee, I have most of the back issues somewhere, wanna borrow them? (some people)

Anyway, I write not just to thank you for existing, but also because I have a big confession fo make (embarrassed twitches). I've missed the origin of this character, but I've fallen like a sack of gold for Bran Mak Muffin. Goshers. Sigh. I always seem to fall for 2-dimensional guys. I've been passing around the old issues to friends, and there's a growing pack of post-adolescents in Upstate New York swooning over a few carefully crafted pen strokes and brush sweeps. (So where's the guy you based him on, eh? Where do we find him? We're all young, beautiful, and willing, honest.)

Anyway, keep up the great work, marvelous one. I'll continue to devour the issues past and to come, down to the last letter, frame, and staple.

Yours all a-twitter,

Ludovica Lemming
Cornell University
Ithaca, NY., 14853

Somehow knowing that all-night Cerebus reading bashes are taking place at Cornell University makes this whole experiment worthwhile.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave:

Re: The four-foot tall Cerebus thing — go for it! Make it an inked original **with** a Gerhard background, but make Samuels deliver it and put it on your lawn.

Lazlo
One Tree Hill,
Somewhere in New Mexico

P.S. If you **have** a lawn, that is.

Bad news Lazlo, old pal. Check the next letter.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

After reading Cerebus #106 I cannot describe my surprise and pleasure at seeing the photo of my sculpture printed in the letters page. But upon closer inspection I noticed that you said the carving was four feet tall. I don't recall exactly what I indicated in my first letter, but the truth of the matter is that the sculpture is about four inches tall. As in paper-weight size — not room filling size. Anyway, I just thought I would let you know. For the sake of clarity.

Sincerely,

Ben Samuels
Box 106, Kansas City Art Inst.
4415 Warwick Blvd.,
Kansas City, MO., 64111

Gerhard and I have stopped work on the four foot square illustration featuring every character who ever appeared in the book standing in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. I've started work on a four-inch square head sketch. Ger says he'll

put a picket fence behind it for twenty bucks. You can get back to us on this one, Ben.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave,

I will be short and to the point.

Why do people feel compelled to curse and discuss biblical doctrine in your letter column. Do these people realize what they are doing?

For example, issue 106 . . .

. . . reader Jim Smith feels the need to curse, use a sexual play on words, and discuss God's omnipotence . . .

. . . reader Steve Sawolkin involves himself with cursing and talk of homosexuality and then claims to love you for your ethics. **What ethics?**

. . . finally, Seth Stevens implies that he will see you in hell. He better hope he changes his tune before he gets a real taste of it!

The ignorance of God displayed by your readers is ghastly. When the Lord returns someday, each and every one of these, and others who have followed their examples in the letter column, will be held accountable for what they have done. You had better listen people, hell is a real place. There will be no getting around it and all the smart remarks and witty sayings in the world won't help you. I hope that this letter is printed and everyone would just let this soak in without feeling the need to rebel against me or God. I hope that when people find out I am right, it will not be too late. Sorry, this letter took longer than I planned.

Take Care,

Steve,
Tulsa, OK

Next time any of you start feeling a need to rebel against Steve or God . . . well, just re-read Steve's letter and I'll bet you'll feel a whole lot better. I know I did.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

I don't mean to depress you or anything, but I was just wondering . . . like, what if you're driving down the road and some drunken moron crosses the center line and rams into you, crushing your helpless body into a bloody mass of icky glop? Or what if you're walking down the street, and someone accidently drops a bowling ball out of a 20-story window, resulting in your brain being splattered all over the sidewalk? Or what if you're at a convention, and some loony from Philadelphia whips out a gun and says: "I'm gonna' blow you away, you fucking smart-ass yuppie!" and proceeds to plug you with several bullets through the heart? Or what if you're at a pub, and the bartender makes a serious mistake and pours Drano into your Bacardi and Coke? Or what if you pick up some nice babe and take her back to your place for a little of the ol' in-out, in-out, and you later discover she had this incredibly loathsome disease and you start decaying at this disgustingly rapid rate?

Like, you could die.

And who would continue to do CEREBUS if you croaked?

Worse yet, what if they turned it over to Byrne? Back to the basics, man! Back to the goddamn basics! Long snout, pseudo-Windsor-Smith art, recycled Conan stories . . .

Are you doing something about this horrible possibility, and if so, pray tell, what?

Yours in paranoia;

Mark Haden Frazer
W39700 Sunnyfield Drive,
Oconomowoc, WI., 53066

I'm keeping the ending secret so that for the next sixteen years I have thirty thousand people willing me to stay alive. It's working great.

★★★★★★★★★★

Hi,

I'm a 32 y.o., white, single-never-married, attractive, employed guy; Looking for a slender white brunette female (who likes Cerebus), single, no children, for wild orgies in San Diego. Can entertain at my place.

Will exchange photos!

David,
5940 University, #10
San Diego, CA., 92115-6319
(619) 583-4594

Remember girls, that number in San Diego is 619-583-4594.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Please accept my heartfelt thanks for making me a very happy wife.

I am a university graduate of English and European Literature. The works I enjoy include those of Shakespeare, Dante, T.S. Eliot (ever read "The Wasteland"? — wonderful stuff!). You can imagine my dismay when I discovered that my beloved was a comics reader: nay, worse — a collector! I was devastated. Nightmarish visions afflicted my mind. Were my shelves of Homer and Pope to be defiled by Judge Dread?

In a vain attempt at consolation, the man in question handed me a few copies of Dreadstar. I was unimpressed. A wad of 2000AD was passed my way. I shuddered. Then one bleak and sunless day he slipped a copy of Cerebus onto my lap; the issue where Jaka returns Cerebus' sword. I was touched — yet I didn't even know these characters. Tentatively, and in some confusion, I read a few more, then the whole lot from # one to date. As I said, my beloved is a collector, but he does have some taste.

Since that time we have married and very happy we are, too. Cerebus et al reside on one book-case while Shakespeare looks on from the opposite end of the room. When #110 (I love the cover pun) arrived last week I happily put down Chaucer for the while.

You have done for comics what I never thought possible. You have helped the medium grow up. You have commitment and dedication in a crazy sort of way which I admire. Without burbling too much I would just like to say thank you again from a happy, if somewhat bemused, wife.

Yours most sincerely,

Jacqueline McGrattan
4A Hastings Road,
Brighton, England

Who would have believed that Cerebus could be good for someone's marriage? Makes me feel all puddly inside. Thanks, Jacqueline.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

I just read #110. How does Cerebus eat corn-on-the-cob?

Andy Freeman
3 Coleman Place, Apt 5,
Menlo Park, CA., 94025

With plenty o' butter 'n' salt 'n' pepper. Yum yum.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave and Gerhard,

I am not one who generally writes letters; however in this case I felt that I had to.

Milonius Thunk

Perfectly understandable.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Artist/Fan
(I know it's probably an old joke by now).

I just heard that Diamond will no longer be carrying Cerebus. From what I understand, this covers about 10,000 copies. All I want to know is how much is a subscription? If the other 9,999 people do the same, Diamond can blow you, me and every other fan. Also, what is the current situation with The Puma Blues. Will I have to get a subscription for that as well?

Sincerely,

Vinny Lanning
144 Linden Avenue,
Malden, MA., 02148

At ease soldier. The cease-fire seems to be holding.

"He took a few thoughtful sways in John F. Kennedy's rocking chair" ... Richard Gehr conducts his interview for the Village Voice article.

Gerhard at General Douglas MacArthur's desk vowing to return. Hey, me too!

With Karen in the living room as she informs me of how many High Society volumes we have to sell to pay for all this.

Quite a spread for two cheeseburgers and a six pack of Bud. According to the Waldorf-Astoria history book, "The Greatest of Them All", Nancy Reagan preferred place-mats. Maybe she was afraid The Gipper might spill something. In the foreground are the macaroon cookies Lady Bird used to find stuffed in Lyndon's pockets. Fine eatin'!

The only bed ever slept in by every President of the United States since 1931 and the creator of Cerebus. Even the White House can't make that claim.

Photos by Gerhard and his camera

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